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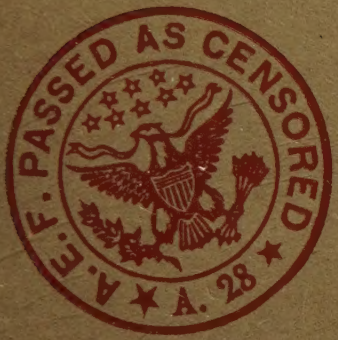

CAPTAIN BERTRAM M. BERNHEIM, M.R.C.

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BY

BERTRAM M. BERNHEIM
CAPTAIN, M. C. U. S. A.

PHILADELPHIA AND LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1918

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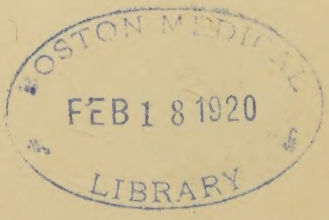

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PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

It is pleasant to know that you like to read what I have to tell, but I can hardly believe these hasty letters of mine would be of general interest. At times a great desire to write seizes me, usually when something has impressed itself upon me, and then I just sit down and pen it off as it comes—all the while getting a great pleasure and relief from doing so. Then, too, it has seemed to me that the impressions of a non-combatant, one of the horde who are so necessary to the successful and efficient carrying on of the front lines, yet who are commonly so little considered, might be interesting. The vast majority of war stuff in literature tells of the trenches, and fighting, and bleeding, and deeds of valor and dying, while little is ever told of what is officially known under the letters S. O. R., the Service of the Rear. Practically nothing is told of the superhuman efforts back here, its real risks, its periods of feverish activity, its long intervals of awful waiting—when with nothing to do, no prospects of work, no relaxation, men who have led busy, active lives, who are used to doing things, must keep a stiff upper lip so that when the time of their need does come, they will not be found wanting. All this, I say, is most vivid to me—but I cannot feel I am the man to tell the great story.

B. M. B.

France, April 10, 1918

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CHAPTER I

OFF FOR THE BIG ADVENTURE

THE CROSSING—THE PORT OF LANDING—SOME LITTLE JOURNEYS

June, 1917.

One last line. Kiss the children for me.

Once again opportunity is afforded us to send a line to our dear ones. We are all well and comfortable, but beside that, there is little to chronicle. Tell the children that I have started a diary for them, but thus far it is very dull.

I sent you a line earlier in the day, but unfortunately put the date on it, so for fear it may not be allowed to go through, I am writing again. We are well, satisfied, and as happy as possible under the circumstances. Our quarters are excellent. Jim and I are room-mates, Hal is very near. It's all very chummy.

June 28, 1917.

At last we are at anchor, safe in a sheltered port. At all times the thought of sudden death was in the minds of most of us, and it became especially prominent several times owing to the fear of submarines, and the firing that resulted, but I can truly say that at no time was I afraid for myself. I was ready to answer the

last call without a whimper, but oh, with what sorrow! And then I'd think what an idiot I had been to put myself in danger so unnecessarily! But was it unnecessary? I keep thinking and thinking, that though the day might have been postponed a few weeks or months, it was bound to come very soon for me.

I am so anxious for this letter to go through that I hardly know what I can tell you that would not be offensive to the censors. You knew the name of the boat before we left, and how we went—she is a great old boat. Not a minute's seasickness, delightful weather all the way over. We had a good band aboard and several times there were dances. I did not dance.

We ran without lights at night, as do all ocean-going ships at present. Going to bed in a black state-room is not the pleasantest thing on earth, especially when all port-holes are clamped and locked shut, day and night. It was difficult to get used to it and we all dreaded sun-down at first, but, like everything else, it wasn't so bad after awhile. If you had known all we went through, you would have cried your eyes out for us, but now that it is over, I am glad to have been through it. There were many amusing episodes. At night, for instance, about ten or fifteen of us would collect in the men's smoking room, dungeon in its blackness, and nick-named by us, "The Owl's Nest." There, and only there, was smoking allowed after eight-thirty, and to light up, one had to go into a cupboard where a match could be struck. And then all one could see would be a lot of fireflies! And the stories! Wow! And songs! Every song that was ever written did we sing, and as there were several good voices, the singing was not bad. Once or twice I sang "The Rose of

Yester-e'en" and that old song "Bargains a Lot." In fact, I sang them once to the nurses and general company at a Sunday afternoon concert that made me very sad.

I am afraid that my letters for some time will merely be studies in psychology, or possibly the ravings of one who has suddenly and unexpectedly been delivered from impending disaster. Maybe a few days hence, after I have regained my equilibrium, a more normal tone will appear.

It all seems too unreal. My being here on a big ship, a soldier, the beautiful little French town off which we are lying—and you and the children whom I love so deeply so far, far away. Yet I am happy today, and relaxed and thankful—and hopeful that all will yet be well with us.

I cannot tell you the name of this port (perhaps, I could, but the letters are to be censored). None of us, not even the commanding officer of the Unit, know where we are bound or when.

I am so tired mentally—all of us are, and the sooner we get to work the better it will be for us, and the better we will like it.

July, 1917.

Things are so balled up regarding the receiving and sending of letters that no one is doing much writing. Doubtless they will be straightened out eventually, and possibly you will receive the two letters I have sent you, but there is no assurance. It is queer, too, that we have been required to eliminate so much interesting news that all the newspapers here are revelling in, including the Paris edition of the *New York Herald,*

which, by the way, contains extracts of editorials from the papers at home.

No longer are we at the port of debarkation, but are ensconced in a wonderful military institution undergoing intensive training. The country roundabout is beautiful and the crops are the best in seventeen years. There is no sign of food scarcity, though a few articles are rather more expensive than usual. Wine is found in plenty and good beer can be had for the asking, so that all of us are living high just at present.

Tell Minda she would giggle if she could see her Daddy getting up at six o'clock, making his own bed, washing and shaving in cold water, and eating anything and everything—and glad to get it. And if old Tub could see all that's going on—but I am afraid to go into details. Walks and drills and training our enlisted personnel in their duties take up most of the days, and taps sounds at nine-fifteen, with tattoo and lights out at ten o'clock. Once we get to work, though, as surgeons, I can't see how this military *règime* can be maintained.

To-morrow is July the Fourth, and we have arranged for a celebration to consist of walks, baseball games, and a little extra feast at the town hall in the evening, at which the Mayor of the town will be present. I am, unfortunately, officer of the day, from eleven-thirty in the morning on, and can take but little part. Officer of the day, by the way, is a job that rotates from one man to the other. He is on duty for twenty-four hours straight, and is in charge of the post, must see that sentries are properly placed, attend to the roll call, sick call, must have all men in bed by nine o'clock, and lights out at ten, and between midnight and morn-

ing must make a round of the entire post, and be up at five-thirty with all the others. Oh, those happy days at home! But we are all getting used to things, and it's really not so bad.

Two or three days ago some of us were ordered back to our port of entry to take temporary charge of a hospital. We have all worked like beavers ever since, cleaning up the place and straightening it out.

I did an operation yesterday afternoon, the first done by any member of the Unit. Curiously enough, it was a nasty mastoid in which we did a preliminary ligation of the jugular vein.

The natives are a kindly lot, and are awfully glad to see us, although one can hardly believe all their joy to be altruistic, by the way prices have jumped. There is no sign of lack of food, however, and there are fresh eggs and vegetables in profusion. Fresh meat, too, is plentiful, and milk by no means a rarity. In fact, all of us are learning many things about living the simple life, and about handling ourselves, that are helping a great deal. About the only real complaint is the utter lack of bath and toilet facilities, other than the barest necessity. Bathing is a lost art, and hot water for any purpose not to be thought of. I must say, though, that I take to this life like a duck to water. It sho' do come natural!

To-day, for the first time since leaving a month ago, I had a bit of news concerning you, and guess how it came about! The first batch of mail came, and in it was a single letter for me—a fine, cheery note from Tub's little chum, in which he congratulated me on my

safe arrival, and said that you had come down for a day from Atlantic City.

Last evening we had a bully good meal at a little hotel. It was very cheap compared to our standards, well served, varied and deliciously cooked. Every time we can get off we indulge in one of these little affairs. As one of the fellows expressed it, he is making six dollars a day, more than he ever did in his life, and it would be silly to let it accumulate.

I am quite a walker these days, too! Riding on a truck is a luxury that we enjoy when lucky enough to be picked up. But it is all in the game and neither I, nor any one else, has a single complaint, except that work is very slack. Hard work will surely come our way later.

For the first time since leaving New York I saw an American paper to-day, the *New York Times* of July 9th, at the local Y. M. C. A., and, as a result, I do not wonder at your remark that I may not be home for months or years. I have been thinking so right along but, like you, I am trying to be an optimist. Over here we learn but little concerning the struggle because of rigid censorship—the papers at home have a much better perspective. The whole thing is so appalling that a sudden awakening may come at any time, with the resultant peace.

Whatever is before me in this war, whatever tight places I shall get into, or narrow escapes I shall have, I still feel that no amount of shell-fire, or any other danger, will try my courage or test my fibre to a greater extent than that trip across the ocean. I think especially of one fateful night about ten o'clock, when,

out of the quiet, all the guns of the fleet suddenly belched forth flame and smoke and shells at a dimly outlined object on the horizon. I'll tell you more of it some day. We waited for the final shot resignedly. It was turning out only as I had expected, but it was beautiful,—the manœuvring of the vessels, the scattering. Oh, that was a night! I lived ten years in ten minutes, but it all passed and, as history will tell, we landed. Nerves! Yes, I did have them before starting, but they disappeared, worn out. One night, a most peaceful night, all proceeding in formation, I was taking a stroll on deck prior to bed. Suddenly a shrill yell broke out from the bridge. "Man the guns!" Instantaneously, gunners sprang from their temporary couches, breeches were opened, and the tremendous shell rammed home at every gun—but never a shot. We just proceeded quietly, no man daring to move or utter a sound—till the recall. What was seen I never knew, but the gunners, except the watch at each gun and those at the stations, gradually turned in, and I took my stroll and turned in, too.

We were speeding up very near the end of the voyage, the old boat was doing all she knew how, and we could tell of her almost human anxiety in the danger zone, from the unusual vibration. We were about twenty-four hours out, but still not a soul knew where or when we were to land,—it was follow the leader all along. But all felt the advisability of getting one last, good bath. It was a bit rough, though, and every one was a bit anxious, and the blooming bath-rooms were below deck. Some decided for the baths and some against. I didn't know just what to do. If the boat got torpedoed, even when a fellow was on

deck, it would have been hell, and he would have had about one chance in a thousand. We had over two thousand souls aboard. But to be struck while in a bath-tub, with the door locked—man alive! I couldn't see it. So I just sat around, peaceable like, unable to decide, but I did want that bath. Yes, I wanted it—just because I felt I couldn't have it, so finally in fear and trembling I decided for it—and made a dash, compromising by leaving the door unlocked. But I don't believe I'll ever be more scared in the whole damn war than during that bath! It was a bit hurried, I'll admit, but my, how righteous I did feel! And then, by jinks, I did get sore just two days later—it was perfectly possible to get a good bath where we found our temporary quarters. A man's never right!

One more incident comes to my mind. After many trials and tribulations, we slowly entered a beautiful harbor, through a winding channel, the mist and rain sweeping the decks, but finally being driven away by the sun's rays, and cast anchor to take our place at the dock late that night. I had roomed with old Jim, best of companions. We were both in our room when the anchor went over, and both looked out through the port-hole at the green trees nearby—then we instinctively reached out and shook hands. "I never expected to see it," said he. "That's queer," I replied. "I didn't either. Tell me yours and I'll tell mine." There we had been together day and night for nearly three weeks, each feeling the same hopeless way about it and each keeping it from the other. His little girl had cried when she learned of her father's impending departure and, in spite of his protestations, had insisted that his ship was doomed, and he had come to look upon it as a

sort of prophecy. As for me, I had a firm conviction from the start that the Huns would make an example of the first convoys, and send every transport to the bottom, attacking en masse with submarines. Why they didn't attempt it is a mystery to me. There would have been an awful fight.

I haven't felt the same way about things since. I get the blues once in a while, but in general I feel very sanguine about getting home some day. I reckon it'll take a bit of luck, and I hope to have that luck—but, however that may be, I'm all right now, with a hundred and fifty cigars to-day and a box of bully fudge. It isn't such a bad war after all, as I always tell the boys. It ain't any of this 1898 Cuby War—but it's a nice war.

That first meal ashore, and that champagne, and the sailors and soldiers!! Never can my pen do justice to it. Arm in arm they swung up and down the streets, everybody happy, relieved, high-spirited. We surely did capture that town, and there was no trouble. But I will admit, as an officer, that they were a bit slow in throwing out their military police. My doctor friends and I realized this after we took over the hospital. By that time the military police had been thrown into the town, and to judge by the broken heads and the amount of work we had to do at night, they were some police! It only lasted a short time, and since then it has been a model American town.

August, 1917.

A cold, rainy day—about as cheerless as one could imagine. A good walk would help mightily, but some

one higher up is due to inspect this morning, so all of us must perforce remain indoors with nothing to do.

I am so sorry I cannot write the things I see and know, but take it from me, it was a sad day for the Central Powers when they forced the United States to join the Allies. Herculean efforts are being made and I believe tangible results will not be long forthcoming. A more dreadful waste and slaughter can not be conceived by the human intellect, even fancifully, than is going on now, and the only way it can possibly end is to hurl such forces and diabolical instruments of destruction into the fray that those responsible will be so shattered and torn and punished that neither they, nor any one else, will dare to start such a thing again. Tell all the carpers and conscientious objectors that we over here agree with them that war is the most stupid, ungodly, inhumane thing in the world, but this one is in full swing—and there is no time to argue. We must bend every effort to settle it at the earliest moment and in such a way that a repetition will never even be thought of. If we had only gotten into it when it started!

I have been living for seven weeks in a fair-sized room, with seven other men. There is only room for one small table in the centre, and we have no common lounging room. I am writing this with my bed acting as a desk top. Fortunately, each of us has an army mosquito net under which I am sitting, otherwise the flies would be unbearable—screens are apparently unknown over here, and sewage systems amount merely to a series of cess-pools. Several of the men are playing dominoes, while others are writing; all clothes are

hanging on nails on the wall or in our trunks, alongside or under our beds; we have one faucet to wash by. The men are all decent, and at night we have plenty of ventilation, but at times it is very irksome. None of us has a photograph of those dearest to us outside our grips, because there is no privacy, and no place to put them, but we expected something like this—and no one kicks—it is the prolonged inactivity that irks us all and depresses us. This will be changed when we get to our permanent base, and I think our quarters will be much better. Base hospitals, such as ours, are close up to the lines. I can't tell you just where it is, but it is about twenty-five miles back, and about the only danger possible is from airships.

Our food is better than it was at first. The meat is fairly well cooked and potatoes are served otherwise than boiled. We occasionally have beans and macaroni, but eggs are never seen. Coffee and bread are plentiful, and there is milk and sugar, and occasionally oatmeal for breakfast. Everyone gets the same mess,—doctors, nurses and patients, so you see it is impossible to put on much style or have such refinements as napkins or table-cloths, or cereal dishes. Everything is in one plate, with a tin cup for coffee. Eventually the doctors will have a separate mess, the nurses theirs, and another for orderlies and patients. My old boarding-house days stand me in good stead.

Well, suh, this here life is some excitin' and rough. I used to hear more rough stuff and general trouble at the City Club in one hour than I do over here in a week. Last night, during a game of dominoes, one of the boys cursed and the word he used was a bad one; but

he had got licked three straight games and is quite young, so it had to be overlooked. But outside of that, there has been very little action. Oh, yes, there was, too. One of the boys has an old summer suit with him and got into a fight with another, because he would not sell it! And then, too, the Y. M. C. A. man came up and invited us to come and play volley ball! Our whole staff was terribly cut up about this, because volley is real rough, and any one that plays it might get a sprained ankle, and was bound to get his clothes dirty,—outside of that all is well. Damn if the grub ain't even good now! For a while, when we first took over this hospital, it looked as if some of these *Saturday Evening Post* stories of army life might come true—and so they might, if we'd had a few regular army men with us. You see, these regulars seem to like this tent life, sleep-on-a-cot business, wallowing in the mud and having your house blown down at two A.M., just about the time you are thinking of getting up to eat cold bacon and old boiled potatoes and drink coffee! They seem to regard it in a romantic kind of way, doctors as well as line men. But we did not have any of them to tell us about these charms and their benefits, so being just plain docs in an uncomfortable masquerade, we bowled along, found a dirty pest-hole of a place and, instead of sitting off at a distance to survey it and looking around for some one else to take hold, we fell to and cleaned it up. It took us a week and certain parties stood aghast at our energy, thoroughness and insistence upon certain sanitary regulations of unaccustomed severity. But, as I say, we did not know any better!

A leave of absence was granted and I am off for Paris to-night, to be away for ten days, for the study of war surgery. I expect to see some real stuff and be helped materially.

How well I remember our three days' sojourn in Paris eleven years ago, when we stopped off with the baby, and the nurse, and Carol *en route* home. How different this will be! I wonder, do they still have nice, clean beds at the Continental, and carpet or rugs on the floor! And maybe I can get a room with bath, and have a little warm water for *ze* shave. Perhaps eggs and coffee for breakfast, but by no stretch of the imagination will there be a table-cloth or napkin! People don't use them any more, do they? We have had eggs once in the last six weeks! And me, the egg-eater! But the grub has been wholesome. I have gotten used to the life, hop out of bed at six, and hump it to breakfast. Shaving is always done after the meal, because if one is not down the moment it is put on the table, it all gets cold and the flies eat it up. If it were not for the nets over our beds, letter-writing would be impossible, and if it had not been for all our prophylactic injections, I am sure we would all have been sick. And me, the fly-hater! *

The last letter I wrote was from Paris—I was there over night, and on my way to the other fellows of our Unit early next morning. Have been with them now for nearly three days. They were all so glad to see me, and could not wait to hear all the news of the crowd, and to learn when we will all be united again. I met a crowd of our nurses at a little station down the line

* The letters from Paris are included in Chapter III.

from here and you can't imagine how they greeted me. They are comfortable there, but are quite isolated and have little contact with the outside world. There is a great deal more going on where I am stationed, so they have kept me busy talking.

On my way I had occasion to stop over for three hours at a certain place where I met some nice American Red Cross attachés who knew some of our friends at home. Gun-fire was quite audible and incessant at this place. It was the first I have heard and made me most very uncomfortable, but I found, as does every one, that after the first surprise one disregards it—rather like church bells.

My heart is singing with gladness this morning, because on arriving back at my station, I found a lot of beautiful letters. I had had none for three weeks. It makes me happy to know that in the children's eyes I have become a real soldier. It is part of the male make-up to desire hero worship from his own, and since I have embarked on this mission I like knowing that they like me in my new and unaccustomed rôle,—for we are soldiers, live like them and do soldiers' work. Real things are going on over here,—world things. There is an under-current of respect shown to us who landed with the original division, by those who have come afterward and are now, at this writing, just leaving their ships.

Along with the letters came three boxes of cigars and a beautiful box of fudge, and some papers, all of which fell into the water as the mail was being unloaded. The duffers dropped three big sacks of mail and packages into the harbor and rescued them mostly

soaked, and the character of the water is such that whatever got wet, had to be thrown out. The fudge was unharmed and the boys literally fell on it *en masse*.

In a few days, we will leave this post. Already a number of medical men, who have come over from home, are here to take our places. Curiously enough, one of them is an old golf friend.

I think all of us have grown more mature. We have not suffered physically, but our mental workings at times have been acute. Of one thing we are proud,—we have done almost every conceivable operation with the poorest sort of equipment and did not have a single loss.

One thing depressed me very much in Paris—I saw many face-wounds, most awful in character. Much wonderful plastic work has been done on them, and the results are brilliantly horrible, because, as one surgeon says, " No case is favorable." Lower jaws are re-made out of bone grafts taken from the leg, and chins are made from the neck and cheek. The men are all cheerful and happy, probably because they came off with their lives, but it was terribly depressing to me—and I am accustomed to seeing such things.

When we arrived here many of our troops became ill, some on the way over, due partly to crowded conditions; numbers of gun-shot wounds occurred; measles broke out, mumps, diphtheria, meningitis; appendicitis cases sprang up, hernias, mastoids, fractures. Each organization had its own doctors, but such a thing as a big medical problem coming up immediately on landing never occurred to those who should have recognized not only the probability, but the certainty of its

occurrence. An American hospital should have been all ready at the time we landed, but it was not. For five days our whole Unit was fourteen miles or so from the port (I have a newspaper clipping on hand telling some of the details, so I may as well tell it, too) at the end of which time so many men became ill that the French hospital to which they were sent was terribly overcrowded and the two French doctors simply overwhelmed. Then it occurred to those in authority that it was not nice to dump our sick on the French, and besides, they were unequal to the occasion—so they asked for a detail of five men from us, and I volunteered as one. Conditions were indescribable, and we had to get extra men, finally increasing our staff to ten officers, fifty enlisted men and thirty-seven nurses. To clean up a pest-hole, take over two hundred and forty-one sick and wounded men, and care for the attendants and ourselves, was a job to try the courage of less inexperienced army men than we were. We took the hospital over entirely, organized it and turned it back to the army, who will keep it in order to be prepared for future emergencies. Several regular army officers told me that they all felt very friendly toward our Unit for stepping in at this critical moment and helping them out. They liked us so well they tried to keep us there, being willing to split up our Unit, but we insisted upon being re-united.

CHAPTER II

THE BASE HOSPITAL

"COMMANDAH OB DE DETACHMENT"—BACILLUS-ON-MUSH—A ZEPPELIN IN CAPTIVITY—DOCTOR AS PATIENT—A BIRTHDAY PARTY

September, 1917.

By candlelight I am answering your letters of early August. We reached this place last evening. For the first time since leaving home I have a little privacy.

The country here is beautiful, quite hilly and deeply wooded, but I have never known such a climate. It rains most of the time, clears up frequently during the day, only to cloud up again and pour.

The hospital consists of many wooden barracks clustered around an old chateau, each having forty-eight beds, up to a total of fourteen hundred. The staff is housed in a long barrack which is divided into little rooms, about eight feet by ten, by partitions that go two-thirds of the way to the ceiling. Each cubicle has a door and a window in it and an electric light, a bed, kitchen table, and an iron wash-stand with the usual basins. The officers have their own mess, and it is remarkably good. They ran across a French soldier, who for years was chef at the Army and Navy Club in London, and are paying him extra to cook for them, and he certainly is an artist. He has three of our troopers as waiters and assistants—and we have table-cloths and napkins!

You could not guess what I did all this afternoon. With hammer and saw I have been laboriously building a chest for my little valuables like cigars, tobacco, and antidotes against snake bites (for the winter is coming along) and shelves for putting out my clothes, and hooks for hanging up my coats. All the men have been busy each in his own cubby hole, each according to his own ideas. It is interesting to watch the different schemes develop. Some content themselves with bare necessities, while a few have real establishments, with the walls painted and curtains at the window. I am about in the middle, as usual. We captains are all at one end of the barrack, while the lieutenants are further back. Two guest rooms are at the very front of the house, and just back of these there is a fairly large common room, which Bruno and I are to fix up. The stoves are supposed to heat the place, but the walls are very thin and contain numerous cracks and peep-holes, but we will see that the common room is boarded up. Don't worry about me. I have loads of heavy warm clothing and boots and extra blankets, and the quartermaster is prepared to furnish anything else we need.

To-day for the first time since being over here we had a real surgical morning. Several distinguished visitors were present and the Major did four bully operations—alternating between two tables. Everything went beautifully and we all felt happy. Some of the boys got good pictures in honor of the occasion. I'll keep them for you until we are allowed to send them.

In addition to one's medical work, each man must shoulder part of the administrative work of the institution. One man is mess officer, a difficult and thankless

job; another is in charge of sewage disposal; another supervises all the repair work and building. This morning I was put in charge of all the enlisted men, to see to their needs, get their pay, and a thousand and one other little things, in short, to be their friend, the officer to whom they can come at any time. I am to learn to know them so as to be in position to decide on the various promotions to corporal, sergeant,—all of which advancements bring more pay to the man. The medical students are included. The fellows call me "Commandah ob de Detachment." I felt rather flattered at being selected for the job—it is a good-sized proposition but I reckon I can get away with it. Just the one thing of assigning the men to their various duties is a big job because they must be rotated, and we are developing a huge plant.

One of the fellows dreamt he was home last night—he certainly did have the dumps this morning.

Our troops are billeted all around us with the villagers, their chief place of abode being in stables and hay-lofts, whereby they have developed the unfortunate habit of breaking through rotten floors or falling out of doors, or down ladders. Curiously enough, their necks and backs and legs get broken, thus keeping us overworked surgeons more overworked. You see some of these millionaire soldiers aren't used to the simple life.

Occasionally a French regiment comes along. One is billeted in our village now, on the way to the firing line. They are fine, stalwart-looking fellows. We are very friendly with their officers, especially the surgeons, for whom the Major operated yesterday. To look at the various autos, horse ambulances and trucks in town

the last few days, one would have thought a circus was here. It was most interesting. They were all going to join in a big push, as fine a body of men as one ever sees.

Aeroplanes floating around in the skies are so common that we disregard them. All of them are probably French, but occasionally it is said they are not. I don't wonder, though, that it is hard for the fliers to sneak across each other's lines—they can be heard a mile off. To judge by what they drop, they aren't always friendly—I consider them unfriendly, until I have seen their colors.

I had the opportunity to visit and inspect a whole trainload of French wounded the other day, most of them *petits blessés,* but some *grands blessés*—three hundred and fifty in all, mostly wounded about the head and face. They seemed very cheerful and were in good condition. Each train has one or two kitchen cars of remarkable construction. The men were being taken back to be distributed to various hospitals along the line.

I have been very busy of late, bringing order out of the chaos the enlisted men were in. It took several days for them to find out that they could not monkey with me. Two of them got drunk one afternoon and started a little fight, so I promptly arrested them, put them in the guard-house and had them tried—and for this little party they were charged two months' pay. Next time they'll pay more and serve a month in confinement, but I rather believe there is not going to be a next time, because they realize that I have been decent and fair to them, and am doing all that is in my power to make their lot easier. They have all come

up and told me so in person, and how sorry they were that the two men had overstepped the mark.

I have suggested that they organize among themselves and put into force an honor system that will ostracize any one who fails to behave. I gathered them together one day and talked to them in a fatherly manner, and told them that so far as possible I would deal with them as their friend and teacher, but if they would not play the game square, it would be necessary for me to deal with them as an officer of the United States Army—and if that came to pass, they would find a distinct difference between the two men. I also gave them advice as to venereal perils and asked for their coöperation. Several came up later and shook hands with me, and said it was the straightest talk—and the best—they had ever had, and they would back me up, but the very next afternoon the two above-mentioned men thought they would try me out with the above-mentioned result, which was the limit of punishment that could be given for the first offense. They are chastened now, but it was a hard thing to do, and I would have given anything to have some one else do it. As the detachment officer, though, it was up to me.

All the men are either in bed or tumbling in. Those who are still up are working by lamplight as I am. It is very quiet. The weather has been very beautiful and warm, but we are fast preparing for the bad weather that usually comes along ere this.

It is nine-thirty; several of the men are singing all the well-known songs, some of them very well. They are down at the other end of the barrack. One is strumming a guitar, and the tones come floating over

the walls in a way that kind of pulls a fellow's heart-strings. Across the hall, with his door half open, as is mine, Jim is having a subdued consultation with his medical confrère, and next door to me, I can hear Hal going over certain details of the surgical side with his partner. Other men, a couple of dozen, are walking up and down the four-foot corridors between the cubicles smoking and visiting, some wrapped in variegated bath-robes, others in their olive drab shirts. One or two are writing, as I am, at their tables—mine, by the way, is covered with a green-and-white-checked kitchen table-cloth. In twenty minutes there will be two flashes of the lights, and ten minutes later they will go out, but at the flash signal those who intend to stay up will light their lamps or candles—and then small groups will assemble in the various rooms and talk for a while. A poker game is sometimes started and occasionally, a drink, or two, or three, taken before turning in. One man walks around with a revolver strung to his belt, the officer of the day, whose last round must be made after ten o'clock. Do you get the picture? It is the usual one. I usually take my place in the group. The songsters are shy on tenors, and make my life miserable until I join in. I don't have to be urged so much to get in on the poker or drinks—and when it is cool (there goes the bugle call to quarters for the men, in fifteen minutes taps will be sounded) I am one of the bath-robe brigade. I am beginning to feel the fascination the life has. I wish you could see it and live it as we are doing.

Barracks are going up like mushrooms everywhere one goes, to accommodate the incoming troops, and we are rushing along as fast as we can, whipping this huge

plant of a hospital into shape to handle hundreds of wounded men at a moment's notice, and with expedition. We always have about a hundred and fifty patients in the wards, but since no one knows when the call to the trenches will sound, we think it advisable to be prepared. Feel, myself, that it won't be very long coming.

There is taps. I always think of home when I hear it. Good night!

This morning three of us drove up to quite a large town near the front on official business, and a most interesting trip it was. All along the road we passed troops of all kinds and colors, and at several villages we found huge squadrons of trucks, ambulances, horses and artillery. All was serene on this beautiful day, but the orphan children at the big home created by the Red Cross are still very sad, although conditions have improved. I was reminded of Tub and Pete at every turn; there were very few children Minda's size, especially none of her present girth. At one point we passed a tremendous train of auto ambulances en route to —— and once, a long train of ambulances and trucks passed us in the other direction, and the dust was dreadful. At other places the zigzag, barb-wire fences you read about were everywhere in evidence, and trenches were laid out and partly made, all prepared some time ago in case of need. I am sure they will never be needed, but it is wonderful the way they foresee possibilities. At another stage we came across a big aviation field, but the greatest sight of all was a squadron of twelve machines manœuvring way, way up in the clear blue sky. They were far away from their base and

we had no idea where they were going, but they were magnificent. The hum of their propellers was tremendous and awe-inspiring, exactly like the curious hum one hears when all the whistles of a big city get going at the beginning of the New Year.

The town itself has slews of barracks, which house thousands of troops, and quite a large aviation field and hangars. Not long ago a German flier came down into the field driving a Frenchman before him. The guy killed the Frenchman after landing, then turned his machine gun on the hangars, drove everybody out, then swept his guns around in a circle and shot up the whole damn place. Of course, lots of men were shooting at him, but he had a charmed life, and when he got ready, just naturally flew away! Now what do you think of that? And it is all true. Yes, it is a real town.

They do tell many stories over here. One is that the Canadians, acknowledged to be the best of all fighters, get up little parties of eight or ten at night, leave all guns behind, and go over the top into No-Man's land, armed only with hand grenades and big, heavy clubs. They sneak up on the Germans, drop the grenades into their trenches, then hop in and beat hell out of the whole bunch, and then beat it back to their own trenches not many yards away! These little soirèes take place frequently and are the chief form of evening amusement.

Just as I finished writing the above, the band of the regiment that came over with us, swung into our front gate to the tune of a good old American air and marched all around the hospital—the first American band that had ever been in these parts. Lots of officers were in

line, so several of us ran out and fell in, too! Had a real concert afterwards, the first so far. It was a real party. Why weren't you here?

October, 1917.

Thank old Tub for the wash-cloth he knitted—tell him all the soldiers over here are as busy as can be, knitting sweaters, and wash-cloths, and socks for themselves.

Here we are—situated in a quiet, beautiful valley, miles away from the line of carnage, most of the time busy with administrative affairs, quite generally bored to death by inactivity and wishing we were home and this war over. The only possible danger any of us is running is from a stray bomb from an air-ship. But as one French doctor remarked, "You are too unimportant to be bombed, there are too many more important areas nearer the front." They have not even paid much attention to our troops. We see some very interesting things and the life has its charm. We are protected in case trouble comes—each man has a gas mask at the head of his bed and a steel trench helmet, but they are curiosities more than anything else, though they are handy on rainy days.

Of late, numbers of our men have been away on tours of observation. To-morrow morning the only surgeons left will be the Major and I, and as we are running quite an active surgical service of everything from gun-shot wounds to fractured skulls, somebody's got to work. Now, since becoming a regular, I have learned that the chief duty of an officer is to find another, who will do his work for him. It's an axiom never to work if you can get out of it, so I had it in

mind to give the Major a student-assistant, and tell him to go to it, thinking that he was not quite as keen at passing the buck (technical phrase) as I was. But before I ever got started, he asked me what time I was going to operate to-morrow, saying that the students made bully assistants. Funny how these reserve officers catch on!

From the newspapers, real war-like things must be happening at home. Camps springing up everywhere, men being drafted, parades coming and going, and everybody being made a general. I'd give anything to see it. I hope these youngsters won't be sent over here during the winter. There is little coal and less wood. It's all right for us, as we are pretty well settled and used to things,—but they don't know what they will be up against. I saw some pictures in one of the Sunday supplements of thousands of fellows marching, still in their comfortable summer clothes, each carrying an American flag! And they looked so happy and proud. When I read of the fellows in training at home in their model cantonments, well heated, lighted, and well provided with food and drink, and petted and cheered by the surrounding populace who rightly try to make things easier for them, I feel very sad. They do not know what kind of a life they are coming into fortunately, but their training will, of course, help them to withstand it.

Over here it is all so different. Real work the day long, drudgery and discomfort, no parades, no cheering throngs, lots of homesickness. How I do hate the Germans who are responsible!

We are all very happy, though, and are always on the lookout for acquaintances and friends from home.

Occasionally we come across one, and we give him a great welcome and pump him dry of news.

In your next package please send me an automobile —anything on wheels will do. Gasoline is scarce but it can be had, if one speaks French as well as I.

I just finished counting my wash, and writing the list in French, which I laboriously copy out once a week, only I might as well write it down in Greek because the *duchesse* or *marquise* laundress sends back whatever she pleases anyhow. At that none of us loses very much, because we don't put in very much. We have all gotten together and doped out a scheme of wearing one set of underclothes for twenty-four hours, starting at night. We put them on before going to bed, socks included; next morning we slip on the army shirt and regular suit right over them, thus dressing in five minutes and avoiding the chill—then we brush our teeth, think about washing our faces, and run for breakfast. The hot coffee encourages us to go back, break the ice in our pitchers, and shave. It's a great game—and having wintered one whole summer in this blooming country, we are all regulars. Being wet all day means nothing to us now.

To-morrow I shall take a nurse, and an assistant, and instruments and go up to a town near the front to operate on a little child in a Red Cross hospital whose staff has no surgeon. We are very willing to help out in this way, but such an expedition necessitates a special permission from the commanding officer—and a lot of other red tape—none of which concerns me—except the order to go and operate.

We are very busy at present adding to our hospital

so as to accommodate more patients. Engineers are on the ground, and in a day or so a new operating pavilion will spring up; then more barracks. The American engineers are real boys—all skilled men who simply eat up jobs. They can show a drilling trick or two upon occasion—just as we can.

We have been increasingly busy of late. Troops are coming in all around—raw, unacclimated men, who are ill-prepared for the cold, rainy weather we are having. Our two ambulances are constantly on the go hauling them in, and within the next few days we hope to get three smaller ambulances—Fords—to help in the work. In the little village where we are, not long ago wooden signs painted

Officers
Men
Horses

appeared on nearly every door, and shortly afterward officers, men, horses made their appearance to be billeted in the cold, filthy homes of the poor villagers. This little village of ours—we call it "Bacillus-on-Mush"—is made up of a few, narrow winding streets along a river which was little more than a creek when we first came, but is now a wide, raging torrent. Stone or concrete old houses, having a space of about thirty or forty feet in front of them, line the streets. There are no sidewalks, and the space in front is filled with manure from the stables. The front yards are all completely filled with manure piles, said manure piles being very valuable to the French peasants since they are used as dowries for the French maidens. The bigger the manure pile, the better the chance of the maiden

marrying. With all this manure which is the wealth of the people, since it is used on the fields, the streets are always indescribably filthy. One simply splashes along picking his way as best he can. You see, in this part of the country, the people all live in the villages, and go out to the fields each day. There are no individual farm-houses with clean, upstanding families living in them as at home. This morning I inspected one of the stables where the troops live. It was as clean as a man could make it, and might not have been so bad if the men had had cots, but in some way their cots had been lost—so some were sleeping in the horse-stalls with a piece of canvas pup tent on the ground and a thin mattress over it. Those above at least slept on boards. It's no wonder they get fleas and worse. However, the American troops are cleaning up each village as they come in.

An *now* this little manure dump of a town! It is equipped with a modern water system, pipes all laid far enough under ground to keep from freezing, electric lights and a sewage system! Modern traffic police regulate all traffic, military police patrol day and night, all is orderly and the only thing we need to make it a true American town, is for the ward politician to make his appearance.

By the way, it's a sad sight to see the boys come into these villages. Straight from the States and parades, they are dumped down here after days of hard travel in box cars with little to eat, and told to make themselves at home in the stables—the look of horror and dismay upon their faces is funny and sad, especially since it is cold and rainy, and as a rule the commissary department has broken down, and there is little

or nothing to eat or drink for a couple of days after their arrival—and absolutely no place to cook. So one finds them standing around in the mud and slop, eating a bit of hardtack and trying to look happy. And dirty? My God, you ought to see them. We've been through it ourselves, officers and men, so it's nothing unusual. One organization, a field ambulance, composed of seven officers and eighty men, came in without a bit of equipment. Where they lost it no one seems to know, but here they are, the officers all doctors and men trained, yet unable to help take care of the sick of their own division. If it weren't for us, they would all die dead away. We took the officers into our mess until they could start their own, but the men were very sad—our Y. M. C. A. and baths cheered them up considerably. After two or three days, though, they are a different set of men; good spirits, filled tummies, all shaved and spruced up and out drilling. You see, they all have to be billeted to keep the Huns from finding them and dropping bombs; tents and big barracks are too easily seen by the fliers. We are quite a mark ourselves, but thus far they have let us alone, although I suppose it is only a question of time before they find and visit us. Of course, if the visit never comes we will be just as well pleased. It would be a shame to bust up the place now that we are getting it into shape.

We are rapidly opening up unused wards, and curiously enough lots of surgical cases are cropping up—hardly a day goes by without four or five operations, and some days we go all day long. Gun-shot wounds, too, are becoming more frequent, some of them shocking in character.

Three or four days ago, we got in thirty-nine extra

enlisted men from home, to be permanently attached to our Unit; they have saved the day, for we were being swamped with work. A more bedraggled set of men I have never seen—they had been on the move for weeks, hadn't been given a moment's rest—had been on the train three days and nights, and troop trains over here are nothing but small box cars with bench seats,—when not used for men they carry horses—and they hadn't had a bath for weeks! We fed them, bathed them, examined them medically, and then I lined them up with our men, and explained the rules of the post. They are now a good-looking bunch, and are already doing guard and other duties as ordered.

For Tom's sake I am extremely sorry he is not coming over. An experience like this will never come again—since this rumpus will surely and properly go to a finish—and for those of us lucky enough to come through alive, it will be of inestimable value. Certain ones will fall surely—unfortunately I am afraid the number will be extremely large—but even so, it's a man's fight—and, as such, men of his age and mine must stand ready.

If I were a man of letters, perhaps I could describe interestingly this day—certainly would I try, as now, being only a poor, homesick doc—I shall attempt to depict a scene often read of by me and by you, in the periodicals and novels.

A cold, dreary, drenchingly rainy day, a hospital loaded with very ill men, ambulances hurriedly bringing in others—a staff of civilian doctors making rounds through wooden barracks, badly heated—every patient smoking the inevitable rolled cigarette, even the bed-

ridden ones and the desperately ill. Those unable to roll for themselves have them rolled and lighted by their mates. And the men who are paralyzed from neck down, not only have them rolled, but the mates stand patiently by and give them puffs until the tiniest butt remains! Truly a sight worth remembering. And one poor fellow who has a streptococcus septicæmia had to be persuaded to give up his cigarette while I gave him an intravenous injection of a new substance (peptone)—said to bring relief in such terrible infections.

And all day long fine, young soldiers, looking to-day more like drowned rats, muddy up to their knees, are wandering around the grounds and filthy village, looking for old buckets, pieces of broken stove, a bit of coal and a little wood in an effort to make their uninhabitable billets bearable. Work on the outside is going on just the same as usual, too, by other hundreds of men—trying to get the hospital enlarged for the reception of more sick and wounded who are bound to come.

During the afternoon several of us tried to read a bit in the officers' barracks, but orderlies continually rushed in and out, for this officer or that. I was glancing through an *Atlantic Monthly* of June—the Battle of Verdun was interesting, and a pen picture of Von Ludendorf. But not less than half a dozen times I had to grab raincoat and hat, and beat it out on various errands—an officer passed through a windshield of some auto that stopped too suddenly—and got badly cut up; a captain in the village wanted to know if we had any pieces of old stove—he and his men could make something out of nothing; a sergeant from the village reported that he and nineteen other men are

quartered in one room with one window—did we have a bit of glass, since no panes were in the window, and the rain was beating in—we did, I'm glad to say, and gave it to him—one of our officers reported by orderly that a patient on his ward had gotten obstreperous—so it was up to me to have him arrested, which I did—he is now in solitary confinement in the guard-house and will get bread and water for a diet (he is well and waiting for discharge) and will be tried to-morrow, but meantime will have opportunity to think over various affairs; and just now the orderly reported that the septicæmia patient isn't doing well (and I'm not surprised)—and so it goes.

Two reporters blew in to tell us of interesting happenings about our troops which will be chronicled in to-day's New York papers for the first time, and to ask if we have gotten any of them yet—we haven't, I am glad to say, because there haven't been any casualties yet—but we have known it for several days and are partially prepared, and expecting them. A Red Cross attaché came in, and a dozen other officers and representatives on various missions. And at this writing one man is playing a guitar, while another is softly singing—both are, and have been for some time, a bit homesick. Do you get the picture? It's worth while, coming over here, but now that I've played my part in it, I rather like reading about it in the novels best. Only I reckon I'll go through more, and worse, before it's all over!! *C'est la guerre!*

The marines are acting as policemen everywhere one finds our troops. They patrol in pairs, carrying revolvers and billies, and being experienced from years

of work in all lands, they know how to keep order—be it a drunken trooper, an unruly Frenchman, or a civilian. They also guard all stores and supply *dépots,* and they argue with a fellow just about two seconds, when they bean him! From the results of their bean that I have seen, all argument ceases abruptly. At the port of landing, when we first came over, all was chaos after a long, bad trip—so everybody got drunk—until they threw out a patrol of marines—and then everybody that wasn't beaned got sober and stayed sober. These marines have New York's strong-arm squad skinned fifty different ways,—I take off my hat to them. When one of them says, "Halt," I halt, and I don't breathe till he says to. Nobody does.

I am meeting many men these days—men of all types and characters. In a movement of this sort things change from day to day. Our own officers are constantly going about, and others are constantly visiting us. Many of them spend a night here and others, like the engineers, take up permanent quarters with us. One of them is a fine fellow who was in Mexico all during her troubles, and was finally driven out with the other Americans; then he was in Spain for several years carrying out engineering projects. But when the war broke out, he threw up his job and like the big, true American he is, came to France and enlisted. He is in charge of all our building, and there is a tremendous amount of it.

If I thought I could be home by spring I certainly would be happy. Sometimes it seems as if the Germans must realize that they are on the verge of committing suicide (if they haven't already done it), but then again they seem to be not only blind, but deaf as well.

How I wish you could see the army giant you speak of, stretching and growing over here. If they don't quit before we go to the trouble and expense, to say nothing of the suffering, necessary to start after them, I, for one, am in favor of warring on them until they are exterminated. My bitterness increases day by day; their dastardliness is unbelievable.

It is quiet here now in the officers' common room. All the men have just finished dinner, and most of them are over at the Y. M. C. A. hearing some fellow tell about the joys of staying at the Y. M. C. A. hotel in Paris. I've been up to the company office and straightened out the various details for to-morrow. We received several carloads of coal yesterday, and have thrown a guard around it during the night to prevent anyone stealing it. Lots of organizations are quartered around here and since fuel is scarce, they are not unlikely to remove it. During the day every available man is put to work on it.

We are still very busy taking in patients and operating. For a wonder, the weather has cleared and to-day was beautiful, cold and clear, with a biplane cavorting overhead in great style. We sent twenty-six patients back to the United States to-day as unfit for service.

The lecture is over and the room has filled. Everyone hugs the fire and talk is going round.

The weather has been frightful all this month—cold, dark, rainy, with never a bit of sunlight. You would have smiled to see me plowing around in a big pair of rubber boots, inside of which were feet clad in two pairs of socks and boot foot-warmers. And under my coat I have been wearing a shirt, then the

regular olive drab shirt, then a sleeveless sweater, and one with sleeves. Over all this the army slicker and at nights, when especially cold, we wear the slicker over the heavy overcoat.

I was out all morning hunting for one of the sergeants of my detachment, an unusually trustworthy, efficient man of good record and older than most of the men. He was seen at eight-thirty last night. He had been drinking, but was not drunk, although he had left a dirty little café with a quart bottle of liquor in his hand! He either fell into the river and was drowned, or is sleeping off a drunken bat somewhere. We searched the river banks but found nothing. If he shows up, he will have to be arrested and reduced to the ranks—such is the military *règime*. His arrest is already ordered in the various towns roundabout. I am awfully sorry.

We have been quite busy surgically of late. I operated all day yesterday, ending up with a mastoid, and I certainly do hate that operation. The patient is doing nicely, though. This thing is certainly making general surgeons of us all.

Did I ever tell you how your poor box of fudge finally arrived and was all mouldy? Unless candy is wrapped in separate oiled paper, lots of it spoils.

It is now four o'clock Saturday afternoon, and I am sitting here for a few moments in my cubby hole, wrapped in my army overcoat, hat on, and big hob-nail shoes, writing to you. How I would have laughed at the possibility of such a thing this time last year! And the work I have been doing—all day long my job has been driving a crowd of thirty men moving the

supplies of an evacuation hospital out of one of our barracks, and placing them in the store-house in the village. Up and down, up and down, I rode on the heavy trucks, literally driving the men; the work had to be accomplished, because the hospital is rapidly filling, and we needed the space. We finished the job, but my, how tired I am.

A morning of dressings and ward rounds. A beautiful warm day.

You tell of vague rumors in your papers about troop movements and the men getting into the trenches. I couldn't tell you such news if I knew it, but strange as it may seem, we actually know less about what's going on than you do. All of us take three daily papers in the hope of finding out something—and all in vain. The French papers tell nothing, and the others even less. We know when a new organization comes in, because they immediately proceed to dump patients on us, and occasionally we hear of one going out—but we never know where it is going nor why—though usually we surmise it to be for the purpose of letting new troops come in for training. Those in charge of operations keep their own counsel. When our men go into the trenches, I suppose we will be ordered to evacuate all our patients (that's the way the medical departments in the other armies get word), but no such order has reached us yet, and I have no idea when it will.

If I could have a little stove in my room, whose walls are now covered with canvas, I could occasionally read the magazines you send over, or a medical book or journal, but none of us have such a stove nor is there any likelihood of our getting them. The com-

mon room is impossible as a reading place; the Y. M. C. A. promises to put up an officers' club house with a library and reading room. It would be a great boon.

I have just subscribed to Liberty Loan Bonds for each of the children. All soldiers have been urged to contribute to the new loan.

We are still increasingly busy, but little or no mail reaches us; it's probably going all around the country again and will be delivered in a bunch as usual—it's discouraging. Why they can't straighten out the mail kinks over here, I can not understand.

Just had a bath. Once a week all of us indulge whether we need it or not, and Friday about five is the popular hour. It's quite a trial, and all the men fervently thank God when it's safely over, and peace reigns again for another week.

The Italian campaign, or rather the Italian rout, is depressing, isn't it, especially in view of the Russian chaos. Couldn't help being amused at your telling about Lincoln Steffens' talk about Russia. We all think Russia is out of it for good and all, and the Allies might as well realize this, and now it begins to look as if Italy is *fini,* as they say over here. It's too bad, especially because its bound to prolong the war. The Huns may beat disorganized second-rate powers, but they can not whip first-class ones like England, France and the United States, and they have got to be made to realize it. I see no end until then.

Last night the nurses gave a Hallowe'en party. We all enjoyed it very much, but only half the nurses were there because of night duty. There were lots of

fancy costumes—one officer went as the straw man of Montgomery and Stone, and was fine—I dressed as a country boy going to the war. They got after me a bit about being too old to dance, so I finally proved satisfactorily that I could give a few of them lessons in the art.

The other evening just after dinner, a message was flashed to us to put out all lights—and out they went. The hospital was in darkness and remained so all night, but nothing happened. We all considered it quite a joke, except going to bed in darkness. Next night the same signal came over the wires, and still nothing happened, although the whirr of planes could be heard in the heavens, and one moving light was seen—probably a French patrol. But before nightfall of the second dark night, we began to hear rumors of captured Zeppelins, and next morning the papers were full of four captured (possibly five), only one of them undestroyed by its occupants, all of whom were either killed or captured. And the intact one was so near here that we motored down to see it.

I have never seen such a monster in my life—it is inconceivable even though the satanic creation is familiar from various pictures. Its stern lay on top of a big hill while its huge black, glistening body overstretched a valley, its front end lying across a small mountain stream, and its nose almost poked into the road on the other side of the valley, along which we traveled. Two of its cars, with motors, hung under its belly, one on either side—while two others lay crushed in the creek. Its top was painted a bluish-green to resemble the sky in an effort to deceive airships which might suc-

ceed in getting above it. A huge vertical rudder, like a boat's, was attached to its rear, and on either side of this were horizontal rudders which were used to elevate or lower the machine. Its length was six hundred and thirty-seven feet—its height easily a hundred feet, and as in several places its paper-like shell was torn, one could see the office-building-like, structural, aluminum frame-work. Up front on the side "L 49" was painted in silver letters, while on the sides further back were silvered German crosses. It was bigger than any ocean liner I had ever seen, and is believed to be the first and only Zeppelin captured practically intact. How they manœuvre it is a mystery. It was probably one of a group that raided England and lost its way here, though no one can be sure. No bombs were dropped by any of them. We got souvenirs of this one and one other. I will try to save them for you.

I've told you this Zep story to keep you from imagining all sorts of things. Those two nights were the first dark ones and were really interesting. I never slept better in my life and only tell you of them because the American papers will probably be full of all sorts of dramatic stories—the dramatic part really consisting of flashlights in the hands of doctors and nurses. I'd surely be scared to live in London these days, though—it's dangerous. We just put out all lights when they come our way, but it seems as if dear old London's lights cannot be put out—or as if the Huns can find it even in the dark.

November, 1917.

I saw in the other day's paper that the good old boat that brought us over had been torpedoed but had

limped back to port. I couldn't help being a bit interested! I believe she will be able to bring over many men yet—she's a staunch craft. I went aboard her on her second trip to France and visited my old acquaintances, some of whom were still aboard during her recent experience. I hope they all got off safely.

You are certainly right about the value of smokes to our soldiers. About ninety-nine per cent. of all the officers and men—of all the armies—smoke, and quite a good deal at that. In all army hospitals, the men in bed, as well as those up and about, smoke cigarettes and cigars all day long—even the desperately ill. In fact, when a man won't smoke, we have come to regard it as a bad sign, almost presaging sure death. Just yesterday, I met two young fellows who had walked ten miles from their own headquarters to this hospital because their own organization was out of tobacco, and they heard we had lots. As a matter of fact, we have only sufficient for our own men and patients just at present, and sell none to outside organizations. If we did, the troops right here in our own village would take our entire stock in two days. It is therefore incumbent upon every quartermaster to provide his own troops. Our own detachment had nothing for over three weeks once, and a more dissatisfied, surly crowd of men I never saw. We learned our lesson then. When tobacco came all was serene. (But I saw that the two privates of yesterday got some smokes; they had come too far to be allowed to go home empty-handed.)

Every few days I carry a few cigars over to a poor fellow in one of the wards who fell out of the second story of a stable where he was billeted, and broke his

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neck. Paralyzed throughout his whole body, he hangs on and on for weeks. A mate stands by and holds the cigar for him to smoke, giving him puffs as he desires—and I furnish some of the cigars. When I forget him, he sends word by an orderly!

We are extremely busy—have about five hundred patients now, and the number increases daily. Two days ago an aviator came in with a very bad lower lip, the result of striking the side of a hill in landing and getting his face badly bumped—this several days before. One tooth was broken off in the fray. We felt something solid in his lip and I had the pleasure of removing a great big tooth, all nicely buried and healed in. He will soon go back to his job; he is a bomber, and has been over the lines several times.

I fear my letters have made you worry too much concerning my trials and tribulations—especially as regards the cold. The robe and the heavy socks you are sending will be most gratefully received—but you need not fear, really. I have made ample preparations and shan't suffer. Then, too, strange as it may seem to you who know me so well as an old softy, I am much better able to stand rough living and bad weather conditions than ever before—at least, I feel that way about it. You see, we've been over here nearly half a year, and the food is calculated to keep a fellow in good condition, rather than fatten and soften him. It has been quite cold already, and about a week ago we had half an inch of snow, but thus far rain and dampness have been the worst of it. I would have felt mighty bad about going to bed in a cold, damp cubicle of a room night after night this time last year, and getting up at

seven in a colder, damper one, but it all seems natural now.

Every officer in every organization (outfit it is called) has to look out for himself first. I had an amusing experience yesterday. After operating all morning it fell to my lot to throw a guard around two carloads of stores and food supplies, and move them up to the hospital, which I was busily doing by means of two of our ambulances. (We have no big trucks for the purpose.) An officer stopped me and said, "Captain, I have to have this ambulance to get a load of bread for my men in a nearby village. They haven't tasted bread for days and there is no hard tack left, and very little other stuff." "Nothing doing," said I. "I am sorry for your men but I've got men of my own." "But I have to have your ambulance," said he. "You don't get it," said I, "use your own cars." "I haven't any," said he, "but these three big trucks, and they are busy hauling coal," at which I just laughed. "I tell you what I'll do. I'll swap you an ambulance for a truck." "But they don't belong to me," said he, "and I'll get court-martialed if I let you have one." "Go on," said I to my driver, "this guy doesn't want any bread." "Wait a minute," said he, "I'll swap, I'll swap."

Now the gist of this story is that I had had my eye on those trucks all afternoon, because ambulances are light and it breaks them to haul freight, and besides, they carry so little it would have taken us till late at night to move the stuff. With the three-ton truck and its five men, though, I was busily hauling, when darned if I wasn't stopped by another officer who did have charge of the truck. He wanted to know

where I got it and when I told him I had made a dicker for it, he got angry and ordered it back for hauling coal, only his order didn't go. I told him he might be in command of those trucks ordinarily, but until my ambulance got back the truck belonged to me, and I was going to haul all I could until it did get back. It's a great game over here, really—every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. I hauled every bit of our stuff while they were getting one load of bread, and I reckon the young gentleman who swapped with me got a good call-down, but that's his lookout.

Another time we had a lot of lumber on a siding and no trucks. Just about that time three big Packard trucks rolled into our ground from three different towns, all wanting supplies of one kind or another, for troops that had just come in. I asked each man to haul one load of lumber for us, and each man refused, being under orders, as he said, to get his stuff, which we had, and hurry back. Then I told them that they had better hurry along right fast and try to get supplies elsewhere—no load of lumber, no supplies. We got the lumber!

I forgot to say that I started this last night, but three emergency cases came in and broke me up—and this morning a beautiful blanket robe and socks and night stockings came from you. They are fine and I am a lucky fellow. Don't worry, I'll take good care not to freeze.

I am not taking unnecessary chances. Who told you I had been to the British front? Some of the fellows did go, and I wanted to, but Hal and I couldn't leave at the same time, and when my turn came, they

had stopped letting officers go, so I lost out. However, I realize my responsibilities—whatever danger comes my way in the line of duty I will accept without hesitancy (I admit I was wild to take the other trip), but I will incur no danger just for the fun of it.

The days slip by slowly, one after another, with very little difference or variety in their general make-up. With the exception of the Major, who is in Paris, the whole unit is together once again, really for the first time since we disembarked, because from that time on several members were constantly away. I rather think it will always be that way—because there is much to see and learn, and the fellows get tired and find little trips a relief.

I almost forgot to tell you about Georgia's chocolate cake. It couldn't have been fresher when you packed it than when it arrived, and it was delicious. I just didn't have the heart to get up a select party for it, so I cut it into good-sized pieces, and let every man help himself. How they did rave over it; it was the first chocolate cake we have had.

I had a letter from Jack the other day. He has been seeing real war. Our stuff is child's play compared to his experience; he has been in the famous pill-boxes and through the worst of lots of advances. Old Tub's eyes will pop out at his tales of adventure, that is if I allow him to tell them, but maybe I will not—because then I might not be such a big hero myself, and that would never do.

Our men are in the trenches—that surely is in the papers now. The Germans raided them one night—that, too, is in. Two hundred and ten Germans came across. Certain things happened other than the loss of

three lives, twelve taken prisoners and a few wounded, which should not be told. At least we have heard the explanation of how our men were apparently caught off their guard, but really weren't. We got the wounded, none of whom were very badly hurt; one fellow got a head injury and was partially buried; a comrade, himself wounded, stood by and tried to dig him out with his bare hands until ordered to shelter by his officer; they got the buried man later on, and both are doing well. We also have the first officer wounded in the war, Lieutenant Harden, who was hit in the leg by a piece of shrapnel.

The other day I had to show the well-known Mr. Patullo of the *Saturday Evening Post* over the hospital. He came to talk to the wounded men and see the place generally. He said that we were becoming known as the "Crack Unit" over here. I spent an interesting hour with him, but visitors take up valuable time. Keep your eye out for a story, perhaps a couple of months hence.

This is Sunday and two important events have occurred. First, someone sent me a ham from home, and second, we are to be inspected by the Commanding General Monsieur Pershing, and I am at a loss as to which is the more important, but rather incline toward the ham. We are having it boiled up—it is such a treat that the whole crowd will share in it.

Now about the General. We have the old place all spruced up and all the boys are on the *qui vive*. None of us have met Mr. Pershing, but it is said he is a stickler for all kinds of little things, and goes about raising sand particularly; shall be interested in his visit.

The Major has been in Paris for the week attending a surgical conference. He returned last night with the news that a medical council has been formed over here for the running of American medical affairs, and he has been appointed as the surgical member—he will be chief of all surgical work over here. At present his intentions are to make his headquarters here, and he expects to remain with us, but if the council amounts to anything he will certainly be detached. Of course, you understand the Surgeon General over here is in direct charge; the council will simply run things under him. This really marks a great step in advance.

One of our officers has been detached, in order that he may take up the work of cleaning up, and perhaps regulating, the houses of prostitution all along the line where the troops disembark and go into training camps.

Day before yesterday I wrote telling of my temporary indisposition in the hospital. I hadn't been very ill and was recuperating. To-day I am getting up for an hour or two. I could just as well have done so yesterday, but our rule here, for both officers and men, is "duty or hospital."

On my right in the ward was a very young British aviator, down with a stomach attack, and being an aviator—he certainly has that coming to him. He has done some bombing and all sorts of things an aviator does, and no doubt he will do it once too often, like so many of his mates. Occupying the bed just opposite me was Harden, "Our Hero," as he was called in the ward. I wrote Tub about him. He is truly a lovable fellow. A number of lieutenants are in, and two lieu-

tenant-colonels, both big, tall, rangy regulars; one of them has been six weeks with a badly broken leg, the result of his horse falling on him. Some of his experiences were very interesting. On my left is a doctor, a captain, who has the grip—like me. He has a wife and a little boy and girl at home, and one morning he woke up and told the man on his left that he dreamt he had another son. Another captain-doctor is from the South, and is short, fat and forty—and claims he has a kidney stone, only we can't find it. He has been in for weeks, and refuses to dress; just walks around the ward in a kimona, exactly like an old woman. His true ailment is cold feet. He will never be any good to the army, so he is to be sent back to his wife and little boy. In one of the beds opposite there is a young lieutenant, who talks all day long and makes everyone weary. I am sorry for him because he keeps on wondering when they are going to let him get up and go back to his company, when in reality, he is going to have a hard time getting home—he has a very dangerous heart lesion. There are others in the ward who are overwhelmed with the enormity of things—their jobs are too much for them. They are being sent home.

And one night the birds began to fly and all lights were out. They weren't after us—in fact, I am sure no hospitals are purposely bombed, but occasionally one gets hit accidentally. One lieutenant was a bit talkative. He said, "I heard that the best thing to do when an airship gets after you is to climb up a tree," to which a colonel replied, "Aw, when one of those things get after you, you're already up a tree!"—and

the crowd howled with glee. And then the fat doctor said, " Yes, and there isn't any use running away from them, either, because you're just as apt to run into a bomb as away from it." As a matter of fact, the only man who was killed in that very air-raid was one who was running away from it. The raid was thirty miles from here, but the boom of the big *soixante-quinze* guns was very loud and near—probably due to atmospheric conditions.

And then I went to sleep.

Here I am once again, in my cubby hole of a home, all sound and well and just loafing around until I feel like working. I left the ward at mid-day, and all the fellows were so tickled to see me again. Two or three of them are fighting the bug themselves trying to keep out of the hospital. On my table I found a package of magazines and newspapers, and a book from father by Donald Hankey, who died in action, and a big box of cakes from home.

These are dark days for the Allies. You probably know more about conditions than we do, but the longer things drift along, the more mistakes seem to be made. The causes of the Italian disaster are unknown to us, but we feel that in all probability certain of the Italian forces must have quit—otherwise the Germans never could have broken through or taken so many prisoners. More and more it looks as if the burden will fall heaviest on us. Personally I feel that one of two things will come to pass; first, a patched-up peace within six months—or second, a war more bitter and cruel than ever before will be waged for not less than five years,

for it will take at least that long to get us into our stride, so that the utter annihilation of Germany may be encompassed. Many men share my belief.

An epidemic of the old influenza is prevailing over here. Sometimes four of our officers have gone down with it at a time, and about a quarter of our enlisted personnel were patients in the hospital at once. Scarlet fever was brought in also, and a number of our nurses and men got that.

Influenza is a prostrating condition, so after being in bed a week I was told to go away for ten days in order to recover my pep—and then I couldn't help smiling at the old stories of doctors telling people who haven't enough money to buy bread, that they must have milk and honey to live on, and that they must go to Florida in the winter, or Canada in the summer. I could hardly walk—but where was I to go? It was raining and cold everywhere, so I went to Paris with another officer victim. Together we went to an unheated hotel, and sat around while it rained. They did have hot water in the morning, so we got baths. At night the water was ice cold, so was the hotel, so was the bed. We hung around, thus comfortably convalescing, for several days—and then I remembered that a friend told me it might be a good idea to go to Lyons, in the south of France, where it is bound to be fine and warm; so I got my orders changed and early one morning was on a train for the famous Lyons. Would you believe it? The damn train wasn't even heated—not a wee bit. The one we had come to Paris on was heated, but it was coming from the front and carried loads of troops, while the one to Lyons was

simply a poor white trash express. I near froze and, by jinks, it was snowing when I got to Lyons, in the dear South of France. I just stayed there long enough to get one more hot bath and said, "To hell with this convalescing business, I'm going back to work—and convalesce operating on some poor guy," whereupon I hopped into another morgue train, and after three changes, each train being better heated as I neared the front, got back to my post and reported in—well, more or less.

Convalescing is extremely important, especially for efficiency in the army, and we must establish comfortable convalescing homes, properly placed, both for men and officers, and quickly. We have realized this all along and have talked of it frequently, because at times our hospital has been so overfilled that we have had to discharge men who weren't fit for duty—yet since they had no place to go other than their organizations, back to them they went. When a fellow gets to his organization he is in a bad way if he isn't well. Light duty is hardly known over here, and the quarters are bad in many cases, so relapses frequently occur, and the men come back to us.

While in Paris I purchased a trench coat, a wonderfully made raincoat with an oiled silk lining; then another lining, then a detachable heavy brown woolen "warm," so-called. It buttons up around the neck, has a belt, is absolutely rain-proof, and warm as toast. It has any overcoat beat a mile. When the warm is detached, it can be used as a bath-robe, since it buttons in and has sleeves. Altogether, it is the most satisfactory coat I ever saw, and all of our own and the British officers are wearing them. Then I bought a bully pair

of arctics; and invested in a so-called primus kerosene stove for my room. It is a treasure—small, and folds up so that it can be carried. I cannot explain the mechanism, but it works by a special forced draft, and throws out wonderful heat. A tripod comes along, and any kind of cooking desired may be done.

Just this minute, an orderly announced that a gunshot wound of the ankle came in, and it's my turn to operate. We work in shifts, taking turns as night surgeon, with one of the younger men or students as assistant. If a big convoy comes in, we all turn to, and run all four operating tables.

No living man can visualize things over here, nor can he learn true conditions by simply touring about in limousines and inspecting, as so many do. They have got to get down in the dirt and dig, and get filthy, and sweat, and swear and learn by experience, and be sick at heart, as we have done. That's how the British learned, and as things go now, we are going to learn everything the same way.

We read with great interest of the big things going on at home. It must be inspiring to see things humming so, and help in the big work. Ours is a wonderful country and a great people, but those of us on this side and anyone else who comes over and remains, see more clearly every day the huge size of our task, which is made so burdensome by the distance of the United States from the scene of action. I often marvel at what has already been accomplished, for it has been my good fortune to see it from several different angles; but this " show," as it is called by the British, is of such colossal proportions that we really haven't even a good start, and we have been over here six months already.

To be of any real value to our Allies, our men from the highest officers down to buck privates, medical men included, have to go to real schools. They have to take first the preparatory school training of becoming soldiers. Then the A.B. degree of learning this new war idea, and finally, the post-graduate Ph.D. of getting actual experience in the trenches and lines. It is the most amazing thing imaginable, a real scientific affair.

Yesterday a certain colonel invited our officers to watch his non-commissioned officers being trained in trench and bayonet work by a British Tommy. It was the most complete, technical, and remarkable exhibition I have ever witnessed. The colonel's officers were trained by this British non-com some time ago. Now his non-coms are getting their lesson, so that they can go back and train the privates under them, with the supervision of the commissioned officers.

Our surgical work has been rather interesting and sufficient to give us the needed experience. As you know, our men went into the trenches some time ago; being the big base nearest the lines, we were notified, and sure enough it wasn't long before the *blessés* began to come along. Wounds of all sorts have been received, some of them of the most remarkable character, such as are practically never seen in the course of ordinary civilian surgical work. Yet it is astonishing how well the men do. They are all young, and in good physical condition, and their recuperative powers are unbelievable. They will go through the most extensive operation, and begin to smoke from the minute they come out of ether.

The sun never shines in sunny France. It rains

continually, except when it snows, and the mud is knee-deep always and everywhere. The men wade around in it day after day, in their ordinary leather shoes and heavy field, hobnailed ones. These become soaked, and never have an opportunity to dry out because there is never a dry day—and fires are almost non-existent. They have rubber boots, but it won't do to wear them every day, because many disorders, like trench-feet, are caused in this way. Arctics solve the difficulty because the dry shoe is worn inside them. The signal corps men have them, but no others. Our quartermaster says they are coming for all the men, and I believe the illness would be cut in half if they did.

We are all contented; every man is on his mettle. We all see but one end to the war—a smashing for the Hun that he will never forget, and no crowd over here is doing its bit better or more whole-heartedly than this Johns Hopkins Unit of ours. It's a fine crowd of men. All friends and good fellows, and our enlisted men are doing wonderful service, especially the medical students.

I was just about to start a nice little letter to you when a sergeant knocked at the door of my closet and said, "Sir, one of those damn Frenchmen driving a big truck just hit one side of the big stone wall and knocked it down. He had hit it four times already, but didn't hit it right till now. What shall I do about it?" I said, "Let it stay down, of course," seeing that it would take ten men three days to put it up, but that didn't suit—so up I had to get, and go out to see it, and then have a little consultation with an engineer about fixing it up, and widening the gate. All the odd

jobs about the place devolve upon me. Little things like busted gates, drunken men, free fights, bum arguments, nutty patients getting loose, taking out an appendix, moving stoves, lining up my men and marching them out to salute Old Glory at retreat, rotating the students on the ward, giving men passes to leave the post, taking off a leg, signing sick reports, removing shrapnel from an artilleryman, seeing that a certain private gets a new pair of shoes and another no more blankets than he ought to have, suturing a blood-vessel, escorting newspaper men around the place, these and all such little things come as natural to me now as did taking my dear little family out for a spin many years ago, when I used to live in Baltimore.

It's remarkable how many auto accidents we get, mostly due to recklessly fast driving. Lights are taboo in certain areas at night, but that seems to make little difference. These fellows on motorcycles and machines go right ahead and the big French trucks plow right along. They are much bigger than ours and it's a wonder they don't kill more men than they do. Maybe it's because half the time they are stuck on a hill or ditch.

We are all much interested at present in the Cambrai battle, the Italian situation and the Lansdowne letter. We feel that the British will hold in spite of the Hun onslaught, and if they do, it is probable that the Huns will have to retire and form a new line. It looks, too, as if the Italians, with French and British aid, will hold. I saw trainload after trainload of Tommies on their way to Italy ten days ago. Of course, Russia is out of it. We've been wondering whom Mr.

Lansdowne is going to deliberate with on the Huns' side, whose word is he going to take.

If we get mail more than once every three weeks, we faint. It makes us fellows laugh and laugh to read all the beautifully written articles by lady and gentlemen Congressmen and laymen war-zone joy-riders, all about how marvelous this system is and that one, and how well all the boys are, and happy, and what wonderful food they get, and how they have theatricals and movies almost every night. Not that we aren't doing fairly well, not that we don't get enough to eat, because we do; but it would be a relief to be able to pick up a two-month old paper and read straight, uncamouflaged stuff. We are at war. Why not recognize the fact? Our mail system here is horribly unsatisfactory, but after all I reckon we are lucky to get any at all. The English didn't learn their system in a few months nor did France. The boys are not all happy, by no means all well, and they are by no means clothed and shod as they should be, nor housed. But it's a huge undertaking and it would be most remarkable if everything were as it should be. More and more we are coming to realize that the civilian, no matter who he is or what his calling, has no place in this game, and should not be tolerated in the war zone—and I am glad to say that he becomes rarer the further we go. The country should learn to trust its military observers and investigators. There are lots of brave men among them who would not hesitate to criticize and tell the truth if things were not right. For my own part I can truthfully say that a tremendous improvement is everywhere in evidence. Chaos is giving way to system, and it is even said the boys are learning to shoot.

The other day while some of our men were unloading a car of coal, a big shell dropped over the hill and exploded in the field just beyond. "Man alive," said one of them to another, "would you have believed our boys could shoot over that hill? Going some, sure!" It never occurred to him that he and his car of coal were in danger because his artilleryman friend was stretching himself. Personally I was worried about the coal, so I had our telephone operator notify a certain party kindly to shorten his range.

We've been busy getting out patients this week, sent out three hundred yesterday. Most of the men were so-called "sitters," also a fair number were stretcher cases. Feel rather sorry for those docs in the hospitals further back—they get all the leavin's. We sure did dump a lot of truck on them this time,—chilblains, lots of 'em, old broken legs and things like that, stuff that makes a good surgeon sore every time he looks at it. But we can't help it. We always have to keep two or three hundred beds, at least, clear—only we're glad we're not the other fellows.

Last night I had a most amusing and interesting experience and have thought you would like to hear of it.

All day long I was operating, only stopping long enough to get a bite to eat. When I got to my quarters at five o'clock, I was told that one of the cooks was looking for me—he seemed rather excited and had been down no less than five times. Once the commanding officer had seen him, and asked if he could transmit the message. "No, sir," said the cook, "it is a personal matter." So about five-fifteen, down came the

cook, all in his dirty white clothes (he had been working all day), walked up to me and without a word placed the enclosed menu in my hand. I looked it over, several other officers including the C. O. were there, and I handed it around. Still no word from the cook. "Well," said I, "Hannegan, this is very nice. Tell Salvatore I hope he has a good time." "Oh," said he, "Salvatore wants to know if you will come." "Surely, I'll come—is that why you have been looking for me all day?" "Yep, I'll tell Salvatore," and he went away without asking the Major or anyone else. Later on, though, I found that he had asked one other officer.

So promptly at seven, the Lieutenant and I repaired to the enlisted men's hall, where a table for twenty was beautifully set—tablecloth (no napkins), china, two knives, two forks and spoons. Present at the banquet, beside ourselves, were eighteen other invited guests. To my left sat the mess-sergeant—to the Lieutenant's right sat the top-sergeant, the commander of the men under me; then came Mr. Sarasati, cook for the nurses, then an ambulance driver, then Mr. Hannegan (without a coat); then Mr. Vincentio, ex-cook of the Hotel Belvedere; then a baker in his white uniform somewhat begrimed from the day's work; then the wonderful Salvatore, called "The Wop" by his friends—a diminutive, highly-excitable, Italian cook. To his left sat a six-foot-four cook in dingy white, and then on round the table—privates, sergeants and ambulance drivers, and in among them Mr. di Paula, ex-barkeeper from Baltimore, now faithful orderly for the officers' quarters. Truly a gathering of gentlemen of quality. Mr. Sarasati and Mr. Salvatore are at present chow-

slingers at Base Hospital No. 18 A. E. F.—other winter seasons are spent catering to the élite at the Royal Poinciana in Palm Beach, and summers on Long Island. Both gentlemen admit having gotten hooked this time in their desire to see France.

Mr. Salvatore, be it also known, is chief night cook here, but for three days prior to last evening's event he neither slept nor ate. On every ambulance that left the place, he rode to nearby villages, and collected, and paid for, out of his meagre earnings, all the good things on this menu, and cooked them himself—with his friend's help. We had every single thing on that menu, cooked to a turn and served in courses by Salvatore and his friends. When they finished serving, they sat down and ate a bit. Where he got the Spanish mackerel I don't know, but it was real stuff, and had a delicious butter sauce. The chicken à la Maryland had the wonderful cream sauce one is accustomed to get only at home. So all the way from soup to nuts we went, and it took from seven to nine-thirty. We had real cork-tip cigarettes, and Turkish coffee, and I contributed a box of cigars. Ginger-ale was the beverage. No meal has ever been served in this part of France like it. That boy gives a similar stunt every birthday—this was his twenty-fourth. We all had a bully time—free and easy—though everything was passed to me first as the senior officer. There were no speeches, but after the dinner, Tony favored us with a few selections on an old French harp and more beautiful playing I have never heard. When he played the Star Spangled Banner we all stood at attention, and when he played the Italian National Anthem, a perfect piece of music.

That I should have been invited was a real com-

pliment. It all goes to show what can be done even in surroundings like ours, if a man just has the will. Some Wop!

BIRTHDAY

PIETRO SALVATORE

December 15, 1917

Canopy à la Meuse
Chicken Broth with Rice
Relish Olives
Spanish Mackerel à la Beurre
Pomme Parisienne
Chicken Fricassee With Dumplings
Georgia Style
Chicken à la Maryland
Green Peas Potatoes French Fried
Brussels Sprouts, Saute
Cottage Pudding, Cream Sauce
Assorted Cakes
Nuts Raisins
Omelet Souflet
Demitasse
Cigarettes

CHAPTER III.

WAR-TIME PARIS

August, 1917.

Last evening, just before leaving my station, I wrote telling of the trip I was about to start on, and I mentioned a few of the things I thought might be coming to me, and they are coming true! Real carpet on the floor, a beautiful tiled bath-room, running water. How I did revel in it! The change is nice. We must have eaten here when we were in Paris, because at breakfast I remembered the dining room.

I have satisfactorily transacted the business for which I came. I can't explain it to you, but you won't mind, because it is involved and uninteresting.

This is Sunday and it hasn't been a very happy one for me. It has been a beautiful day, so after reporting, I took a walk along the beautiful *Champs Elysées* and then got into a horse taxi, and drove up the *Bois de Boulougne* and through the wonderfully beautiful park —all alone! Were it not for the vari-colored uniforms of the Allies, one could hardly believe a death struggle is in progress so close at hand. Automobiles fly up and down the street in great numbers, throngs of people are out, not many of whom seem to be in mourning, nor did I see an unusual number of wounded men. The people seem very happy, every soldier had a girl, some had two—and they were all walking or riding, arm in arm, many with their arms around each others' waists. There were children out in profusion, but very

few infants are seen, although great numbers Pete's age are playing around—but I didn't see one that came up to my Pete.

I sat up all last night—sleeper accommodations over here are practically negligible. It costs us very little to travel, one-fourth the usual rate for first-class—and the first-class is not at all bad—but there were five others in my compartment so I couldn't stretch out. There were several French officers, and one young lady chaperoned by her father. We all slept in snatches.

It's too bad details can't be written, because they are so interesting. Where I am going and what I'll see and do would make a nice letter, but I'll tell it all some day. Who would have thought that I would be over here like this? It's like a dream. I wish there'd be plenty of action; to work hard, to work one's self out, and know that one has counted for something, to be dead tired. That's what all of us are hoping for. We are all sick of the interminable wait.

My leave of ten days will be up in two more, and I'll be really glad of it. At my station things were dull, but I am a routine sort of fellow.

There are not many people in the hotel, most of them are British or American officers, with a sprinkling of women. How I have wished you could be here to see the city as it is now, having known it as it was. Very few Americans other than officers are to be seen anywhere, and practically no American women, except nurses and Red Cross workers. In fact, the streets are not nearly as crowded as usual, but there are swarms of British soldiers and officers everywhere, on leave, and they are the most picturesque fellows—Canadians,

Australians, New Zealanders, Kilties! The Kilties take my fancy most, but the brown, turbaned Indians are good looking. All are a sturdy, orderly set. Their officers are especially fine looking, their chiselled features denoting a determination and devil-may-care attitude that bodes evil for the enemy. All are young men. There are no old men to be seen in uniform, except a few higher officers.

All restaurants are going full-tilt during the day and rich and dainty food can be got now as formerly, though it is more expensive, but wherever one goes—in the finest restaurant or in the humblest tavern—one kind of bread is served—the heavy, dark war-bread. It isn't at all bad and can be toasted. We have some white bread at our station made from our own wheat flour, that is especially brought over for us, but I rather prefer the war-bread.

There is no music whatever. A few theatres are going, so last evening three of us went to the Folies Bergère, the first show since leaving New York. The orchestra was very good, and made up for the deficiencies of the vaudeville, but it was not the show that attracted us as much as the audience. I don't suppose there was a nation on earth, except our enemies, not represented in uniform. Kilts, leggings, turbans, tam o'shanters, American hats and caps, everything you have ever seen in the pictures—and lots of women, all French and all demi-mondaines.

One buxom lassie approached one of our party and said, "Darling, buy me a drink." He couldn't have been more shocked if a busy Bertha had gone off under him, but having been over here for a long time, and being a bit used to their ways, he waved her gently

but firmly away. A string of them passed in review where we sat in the foyer, many of them beautiful, all extremely young, several asking for a drink and the privilege of sitting alongside. We smiled and shook our heads, but an insistent one chucked one of the boys under the chin with her purse. When he still declined her advances, she wished us all a violent death in the war and departed!

After the show we came out on a street pitch-black, except for a few especially shaded gas lamps, and through winding streets wended our way back to the hotel. It is the queerest sensation to see a huge city like this with all restaurants and shops closed promptly at nine-thirty. They put you out if you're not through. The boulevard was crowded with people—officers, privates, civilians, demi-mondaines—and the honk-honk of dimly-lighted autos was to be heard everywhere for a while. Soon they disappeared, and the hushed silence of a dead city awed one into talking very low.

Night before last, about three-thirty A.M., an air raid started. They raced through the city blowing sirens to wake the people. I got up, and distinctly heard the whirr of the aeroplanes but could not see them, and being an old tried warrior who has braved real danger at sea, I decided that this was child's play, and went back to bed and slept like a top. Some of our nurses, who are taking a special course here, saw the lighted French planes on guard, and said it was very beautiful. "All danger over" was sounded in half an hour.

Here I am once again, this time just stopping over for three days en route to the permanent station of

the Unit. To remember the occasion I stopped in at Brentano's and sent you a book on French porcelain and pottery, which I knew would interest you. Some of the plates are beautiful.

A number of us are here together. This morning in Les Invalides, lots of French troops were drawn up while a general decorated a number of heroes. It was very impressive.

I have met a great many medical men I knew at home and made lots of new acquaintances. Certainly the cream of the surgical part of the profession is in the army, and already over here. It is inspiring to see them, but all are having a very slow and uninteresting time of it. The next six months will doubtless be just as bad, after which things will begin to hum.

The morning's papers say that President Wilson has rejected the Pope's overtures, although the text of his message has not yet come across the wires. This, of course, means that all of us will be over here indefinitely, but however much one would like to see the end, it must be admitted that peace with the Hohenzollerns would be a mistake. If you could see what I have seen in the hospitals, you would realize why this thing must go to a finish once and for all. I hate to think of our American boys being killed and maimed.

As I walked along the Avenue de l'Opera this afternoon I saw so many pretty things that you would have enjoyed seeing and perhaps buying.

On sick leave, November, 1917.

There are many people in the lobby of the hotel to-day, but the old life—the beautifully-gowned women, the gay dining-room with its orchestra, has given way

to the accustomed Parisian gloom and subdued tone. I think a great mistake was made when all music was discontinued. It is quite true that within a few miles men are dying and fighting for their lives, and that almost every one here has lost some dear one, but does this depression make matters any better?

I am enjoying Paris much more this time than on any of the other visits, which were during the summer when the town was deserted. Now it is crowded, and the day life seems much as it used to be, except for the many uniformed men. Streets and shops are crowded and the restaurants very gay, and that's a queer thing, too. With all the frantic appeal to economize food and the various restrictions, one finds such an abundance in the restaurants that the ménus seem about as elaborate as they ever were, and the natives take full advantage. Never have I seen such gourmands as these people are. They simply gorge food, so one wonders where it all goes, and this in the face of poverty, the most abject I have ever seen, only half a day's ride from here. It failed to impress me before, because I had been stationed further west, in a land of plenty, but for the last two and a half months I have been where poor people live and suffer, where troops, coming and going, for many days have to live on the scantiest kind of fare because it is impossible to get up even necessary food supplies promptly. Nor is this condition true of Paris alone. It is true of every large town in the country and of the *diners* on the express trains, where they serve a delicious meal of a size that should be cut in half. One cannot understand. They are fighters—tiger fighters—these Frenchmen, but they are more brilliant than dogged—and it is the British doggedness,

the British willingness to give up and sacrifice some of the elementary comforts that is lacking in the Frenchman's make-up. They have strict food regulations in England, strictly enforced in hotels and restaurants as well as in the home, and now we hear that they are to be even more carefully observed, in order that America need send less food across, and thereby send more men and munitions. The new Premier here will straighten things out. He seems vigorous and full of pep in spite of his seventy-six years, but it is strange that they have to saddle such burdens on a man of his age. Where are their able young men?

Lyons.

By the time this reaches you, the brilliant British victory at Cambrai will already have become history. Isn't it thrilling and weren't the tanks glorious? You know it won't take so many big bites like this to show the Huns how they stand. Everyone is wildly enthusiastic, but it's a bad business on a long road, with the end not in sight. With the beginning of spring, my belief is that a war more dreadful than anything yet conceived will be waged on both sides, with airships playing a predominating part, and with a ruthlessness indescribably, but necessarily, cruel.

This city is the first lighted one I have seen. You see, it is so far away from the lines that they have not much to fear. The number of men in uniform is enormous, in fact, it is quite unusual to see one in civilian dress. This afternoon we went up a tremendous hill, where the Cathedral overlooks the city, and forty or fifty miles away could be seen the snow-capped Alps. It was a gray, misty day here, but the sun was shining

way over there, and it was very beautiful and inspiring —especially since in another sector these mountains are being dyed red with blood at this very moment. I thought of home and how far away I am, and tried to guess what it is all about and what it means, but it all remains an unfathomable mystery.

Paris—December, 1917.

Hal and I came up day before yesterday to get a lot of stuff for the hospital from the Red Cross headquarters—rubber gloves, suture materials, and stuff of that sort, and we made purchases at the Louvre of decorations for the Christmas trees for the wards, for which purpose the Red Cross furnished each base hospital one thousand francs. We got fifteen hundred because we are practically filled. Paris is dreary and cold, I hate it. Our work is over and we leave in the morning. Our station is on top of a manure heap, but, at least, it is home to us and we are more or less comfortable and busy. Thank God for that!

How thankful I am to have gotten over so early in the game, and to have worked up in it gradually. It is terribly hard on the fellows who come over now, fresh and enthusiastic from home with all its comforts, heat, good food and friends, to be dumped down in the midst of all this cold, gray, damp, unfriendly gloom. To think that six months could make a fellow a veteran—and yet it does, so rapidly have things moved since our landing. It is all quite natural to us. We have our bad moments, it is true, but in general it is a steady grind, a continual growth, a rapid expansion. Already we begin to think, a bit, of leave to go home—and the tales we will tell—the Arabian Nights will not be in it.

February, 1918.

Came up for a medical meeting. I saw one of the houses that was bombed the other day, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, and there is no doubt about its having been struck. The top stories are totally demolished, how many people were killed I don't know. Did you ever see a house that had been bombed? It's mostly bricks and mortar, with a gendarme guarding it. The Parisians are obviously worried—as evening comes on one notices the pedestrians pause and glance up toward the skies, especially the women, though I saw many men do it, too,—probably slackers. The night before I left was beautifully clear and starry and windless, a perfect night for bombing, and I thought they would come. A few months ago that would have made me nervous—my room was near the top, and the hotel was not far from the Arc de Triomphe at which they are aiming, but nowadays nothing bothers me much. If I am to get mine, I reckon I'll get it. I would like to get home, though, to see you and the children. But the Huns didn't come, maybe because they knew you wouldn't like it.

You would be interested in Paris now. They are building big concrete protections around all their famous statues, like the big one in the Place Vendôme and before the doors of Notre Dame. It is too pathetic, but it is wise. Paris will be bombed this summer worse than London ever was. Where the streets were dark some time ago, they are pitch-dark now. Taxis pick their way along, and on the sidewalk one hears people stumbling and falling over ash-cans and each other—the Frenchman mumbling, the American swearing.

This time the show at the Alhambra was bully.

They had yielded to the English-speaking soldiers, and gave a vaudeville much like the Winter Garden in New York, and between the acts they had a nigger orchestra direct from America, playing delicious ragtime on banjos. If you could have seen all the wondrously dressed soldiers of every nationality!

I have nothing but pity in my heart these days. Always have there been more women than men and now there will be many, many more women than men, and they seem so unable to restrain themselves or possibly to live without their traffic.

The meeting was mostly a review of all the stuff we have heard so frequently, of débridements in battle wounds and removal of foreign bodies, but it was stimulating to hear and see the famous Tuffier of France and dePage of Belgium speak and operate, and inspiring to know that these men of sixty and sixty-five go right up to the front in times of stress, and take charge of things—and they show it. They are bitter, but they know their game—and we are beginning to know it.

March, 1918.

I have been kind of having a few experiences these last few days, and since you have been a wee bit interested in me these last few years, I thought perhaps you would like to hear them. Not that they are entirely finished, Lord no! They won't be finished for forty-eight hours yet, and maybe I'll be finished before they are.

However, it's like this. This little town of Paree has always been rather a favorite rest camp for members of the American Expeditionary Force. Whenever a fellow got a chance to spend a few days here, he was always

considered lucky, because he got some real hot-water baths, filled up with good grub, also with wine, saw a few good shows and, if he was a bit wild—well, that's another story—but above all, when a fellow left his station for Paree, as the saying goes, he was "coming out"—meaning, of course, that he was leaving the danger zone. But of late, as you know, things are changed. The guy that gets ordered here isn't "coming out" any more, he's "coming in." The safest place in the whole blooming country, so far as I can see, is at the front.

I was ordered here myself to attend a medical meeting and that's the only reason I am here, too. This medical meeting has no attractions for me, I was ordered to attend. The fact is, there is not half as much enthusiasm among the officer gentlemen to come here as there was, and I don't see any of them snitching off an extra day here, as they all used to do. Of course, I'm not saying anything, but it is surprising to see how very particular are the officers, even the young ones, to take the first train out after their business is *fini*. One and all they say how nice and quiet and comfortable it is at their stations—and so it is, too, at mine.

You see, the Huns got after Paree only a few nights ago and dropped a few nice, juicy bombs, and then a couple of nights later the beggars came back and did it again, only more so—just by way of saying "How do you do?" to Honorable Secretary Baker. People here say it was worse than any herd of cows flying, worse than two herds. I wasn't here and can't judge, but some who were could surely qualify as experts at judging of the damage a herd of flying cows could do, so it must have been mighty bad.

I just blew in yesterday, kind of soft like. I am not any of your brave lads,—you needn't worry about my winning the *Croix de Guerre,* or anything else. I was scared when I got in, and I was more scared when it turned out to be a beautiful moonlight night, and everybody said the Huns were expected. Where Paris was badly lighted a month or two ago, they now have nothing but an occasional small, blue light shining under its hood. I ate dinner at Marguery (*ah mon Dieu fin bon jour toute al'heure filet de sole et Barsac*—me old tum just growled with joy) and meandered out to take a cab to go to the Alhambra, which was not so very far away. "Nothing doing, *nom de Dieu,*" or words to that effect, said the taxi driver, and the next said worse, and the next—until finally it dawned upon me that my theatre lay out from the centre of the town, and they would not drive out that way. So I asked one if he would take me to the Folies Bergère, and he said, "sure, he'd go *that* way." Can you beat it? You have to choose your show because the taxi man will drive only one way. Well, I went and saw a rotten show.

At eleven-thirty it was over and I found to my horror that they had turned out most of the few blue lights they had, and it was dark as pitch, and I was alone, as the fellow I came up with had another engagement—and moreover I knew the way back to the hotel from the Alhambra but not from the Folies Bergère, a thing that had not occurred to me before. But before leaving my station it *had* occurred to me to take my flash-lamp, and how glad I was for it. Imagine having to use a flash-lamp in Paree to find your way around at night! But I had not brought a revolver so I surely was scared, double scared. I just followed

the crowd, and finally noticed an American lieutenant in the same boat I was, so we struck up an acquaintance and decided to work our way out of the labyrinth together. We walked not more than four miles in the wrong direction, had not more than eight councils of war, and stopped not more than ten people to ask our way. Might add, too, that we were stopped not more than two hundred times by certain ladies. But we did get back, at least I did. He was staying in a different hotel and we parted about four blocks from the Continental. I had heard a lot of wild tales about Apache doings here, kind of taking advantage of things, so my walk unarmed and cold and scared was not pleasant, but I reached base, and hope my friend did. I don't know his name. You see, I'm none of your brave lads, maybe my lieutenant friend was. But the next time I come to this burg I surely won't be so scared as I was. I'll just tote my big army forty-four along, and the guy that comes near and can't explain himself in English is going to need a doctor—a French one.

However, the Huns did not come over, and it was such a lovely bombing night—it's really a pity. But I didn't sleep well, anyhow, I nearly froze. Didn't have enough cover, and had to order *encore un couvert* this morning. The first night in these hotels is always bad. They never put on enough cover, and I always forget to ask for it until I'm in bed, and then it is too late because it takes me twelve hours to think how to say it. It is a trying situation, by Jove.

Well, this morning I attended to a few errands for the boys back at the hospital, and at noon adjourned to Prunier's famous fish house, where my brother officer and I were the guests of a lieutenant upon

whom I had operated at the hospital, and who is on his way to Nice on leave. In his gratitude he insisted on setting us up, and it was some repast (*ah, mon Dieu, et*—well all that stuff on the other page). We left there about one-thirty, and with the sun shining, tums full, and a good cigar, we felt as if it wasn't such a bad war after all, when Kebang! something went off! Right near it sounded, a terrific concussion and reverberating report down the canyon-like streets. "The Boche, the Boche!" shouted some one. A daylight air raid! They had been expecting it. Kebang! Again went the report! This time it seemed on top of us, and all around sounded the clang of broken window-glass, big plate glass falling to the pavement in splinters, while wild-eyed men, women and children scattered and scurried hither and thither in their panicky fear. Where to, where to? In zigzags they ran, no place being safe. Ah me, those awful faces! Shall I ever forget their horror-stricken look, those poor women! With the first awful shock I looked up expecting to see a Hun plane overhead, but there was none. "Lie flat on your faces," said the lieutenant, a line officer, "that's the safest." But I could see myself getting my pretty uniform dirty, lying prone in a Paris street! I didn't follow his advice nor did my mate, so he didn't do it himself. Then he spied an *abri* (shelter) for one hundred and fifty people and beat it in there, this line officer did. Just then the second report went off, and women and children were flocking to the *abri*. One young woman came into the courtyard supporting a very old lady, pale, hardly able to walk, and apparently in heart collapse from the shock. A mother came running with her new little babe in her arms, and made for the stair-

way leading down to the *abri*. "That place is for women and children, son, you come out," said my mate and I, together, to our friend, a Plattsburger by the way. "We are going on to our meeting. To hell with the Huns!" We started out and our friend of the line followed us, but we noticed several other officers in there, too, and they were there before our friend went in, nor did they come out until later. But my mate and I, we felt awfully good. We're only poor docs, you know—we don't pretend to be brave lads. We have rooms here at the hotel on the first floor, and if a bomb hits this place it's got to go clean through before it gets to us. We admit we're scared, but we rather feel now as if we know what it is to be under the most terrifying kind of fire, and how we'll act. We'll take all kinds of care and legitimate shelter, but not that intended for the weaker, and maybe we'll lie down, too. Never can tell what a man will do when he's scared. But the line had nothing on the docs, to-day.

Well, there were no more Kebangs, and later on flocks of people came out, and looked way past the city at a cloud that seemed like any other cloud to me, but someone said a huge munition factory had blown up, killing hundreds and hundreds. Perhaps so, I don't know. But all the big show windows are out, and a gendarme got a chunk of glass in his eye, and the people all thought it was a raid, a daylight raid, than which nothing can be more terrifying in a big crowded city. I'm not sure it wasn't a raid. I don't want to see such a sight again. I think I'd rather see my war, out at the front where there are only men, and where it's quiet and peaceable. Poor, dejected, pitiable Paree, you are surely going to get yours during the summer, you surely

are, and I am so sorry for your people. But now the Allies are giving double doses to Hun towns—a ghastly phase of this stupendous war.

I wonder what will happen to-morrow and to-morrow night. I leave Sunday morning. It's now midnight Friday, and all is quiet and cold. Good-night!

Back at my station.

Nothing happened the next night nor during the day, except that all the hospitals of Paris were very busy, looking after the wounded from the munition factory explosion, for so it turned out to be. A horrifying thing it was, too, leaving the populace nervous and frightened and anxious. We left early Sunday morning for our station and right glad, too, to go.

"These be troublous days, Mowgli, my boy," said old Kaa as he lay there sunning himself, "and it rather looks as if they will get worse before they get better. But never you mind, for a young man like you needs experience to round him out. Good hunting," and with a friendly nod he slowly moved on to the forest, all the while accompanied by the ceaseless chatter of the tree-top Banderlog.

Ah, those were halcyon days, when we sat and read to the children—and only to the children, of course—those wonderful stories!

CHAPTER IV

TO THE ENLISTED PERSONNEL OF THE CAPTAIN'S HOME BATTALION

To Minda—Red Cross Nurse:

I wish you could be here some day when packages from home come in. It's just like Christmas, every one gets so excited. Then we have a big feast, for there is always lots of candy and cake.

You would laugh to see how the children over here dress, and what funny shoes they wear—leather with heavy wooden soles. It is hard to tell a boy from a girl, because they all wear a kind of black apron over their clothes to keep them clean, and the funniest hats and caps. Maybe when I come home, I'll be able to bring some with me. The women's dresses are even funnier than the children's, especially their hats, but they are too much for me to describe. They are all very friendly, only they can't speak our language and we have great difficulty with theirs. I understand a great deal more of it now, than I did, and even speak a few words, but I'd hate to have Mother hear me!

I have been so pleased with your newsy letters, especially the drawings of the Allies' flags.

To-day I bought lots of things with which to furnish the little room I am to have, a beautiful Turkish rug for two dollars and a half, a candle-stick holder; also a heavy pair of shoes with nails in their soles, a lot of heavy underwear.

I went to Paris not long ago, the great, beautiful city of this country. You were there just about this time eleven years ago, but you wouldn't remember it. You were only three months old, and I carried you in a basket under my arm. Those were happy days. Some day we'll all come over and see beautiful Paris again. Wouldn't that be fine?

Do you remember how long it used to take me to dress? I can do it all now in three minutes, and think nothing of getting up at six in the morning. When I got to Paris, and didn't have to get up until I wanted to, I couldn't sleep. Who would have thought that of your daddy?

Write to me—lots.

How I do wish you were all here with me this warm, clear, beautiful Sunday! We could take a delightful ride in our car, and pass through such interesting villages and enjoy seeing the quaint French peasants in their queer homes.

I went to a little town nearby, and bought an easy chair for the doctors' common room. Most of the stores are open on Sundays, just like other days. The only person who could speak English in the store was a sweet little girl like yourself, who was fourteen years old, and had learned all her English in the public school of the town, and she spoke quite well. Wasn't that fine? She asked me where I came from in America, but when I told her, it didn't make much of an impression, so I asked her if she had a geography. She did, and then I showed her the place, and she was very much interested. Like all girls, she wanted a soldier's hat. She said she liked ours especially, so I promised to try

to get her one—but I am afraid it can't be done. They are so much in demand by our own troops.

Had my picture taken this morning in full uniform. Every officer in France has been given a small book which contains his name, rank, organization, signature and his photograph. This is for identification and must be carried by him constantly; it is a pass also on all the railroads—one has only to show it to travel anywhere. Really, though, it doesn't amount to much, because no man can leave his post without a written order from the big general in command of all the troops. But when he does get away, he had better carry his identification card, because all the towns around here are under guard, and he might be arrested if he didn't have it.

I don't know how I came to ask that Pete's curls should not be cut off. Perhaps I was thinking that as he is getting to be such a big man, he might object to them. I haven't seen a single little fellow over here that compares to him.

My dearest Minda, this is to be just a Christmas greeting from dad. If I could only be with you! But have a dandy time—I sent you a little gift and hope you will like it.

Your sweater came—thanks very much. I wear it a great deal and it fits fine—I have shown it to all the officers as the personal work of my little girl.

Last night we operated till after midnight, and then decided to sleep late this morning and act as if we were at home, and take breakfast in our barrack. So

at nine we opened a can of sardines, a jar of strawberry jam (grandmother sends me lots of things like that), tins of condensed milk and coffee, and some eggs we managed to sneak out of the kitchen. Oh my, what a feast we did have—laughing and jabbering like children. Maybe we are going to have a feast every Sunday morning.

Lots of soldiers are seen everywhere now and I feel very sorry for them, they are so young. But there are very few children around here and I am glad of it, because it is a bad place for them, and it makes me homesick when I see them. Try as I will, I cannot make friends with any of them, yet I love children so much. I wonder why that is—at home I could always make friends with them.

Your letters are wonderful.

The other night a trooper, who was ill, came here to the hospital and what do you think he brought with him—a tiny little wild boar! Do you know what a wild boar is? It's a form of hog that is very common around here. They inhabit the woods, grow up to be as big as the hogs one ordinarily knows, and are said to be very vicious, though here they run, even at the sound of a man—so that but few of us have ever seen one. They make good eating, and the natives hunt them with shotguns. They differ from ordinary hogs in that they have tusks and short, bristly hair, which has brown and black stripes running lengthwise.

This little baby boar was wandering around in No-Man's land up at the trenches one night, and accidentally fell into a trench and was captured by the trooper

who brought him here. We have named him Oscar! And he is quite tame and a great pet. Have lots of fun with him—the other night the fellows fed him on condensed milk and candy and he ate and ate, getting even his feet in it, until finally he got too full—and lay down and went to sleep. We are trying to buy him from the soldier, but I am afraid he won't give him up.

To Tub—First Lieutenant:

How's things? I got your letter about eating the corn and tomatoes at night, but I am afraid any ruling I might make on the matter at this time would hardly be worth much, since corn-time is already over. However, an officer must always keep well, and I suppose Mother rather fears you could not maintain discipline if your tummy got upset.

I wish you could have seen the beauty airship that floated over us to-day. It was quite low and we could plainly see the French colors painted on its side, so we were not afraid. It must have been going at least a hundred miles an hour, think of it!

By the time this letter reaches you, you will again be hard at work at school.

I was glad to hear that you learned how to swim, and it's great to think of your being such a fine diver. When I get home we will all go swimming together, and you and I will show the ladies how to dive.

Do you know that I am in command of all the troops at our hospital? Isn't that great. They have to do everything I say, but I am always good to them.

Be a good boy.

I am sending you the autograph of a real American

hero—the very first American officer to be wounded in actual battle in France. He was with our own troops, fighting to defend France, when all of a sudden a shell burst near him and wounded him in the right leg. He was brought into our hospital, and got perfectly well. For his bravery and for being the first American officer wounded in battle, the French Government honored him by giving him the *Croix de Guerre,* a big honor, and one eagerly desired by all men.

The lieutenant occupied the bed just opposite mine when I was sick, and he was the jolliest kind of a fellow. He left yesterday to rejoin his company and soon will be fighting again. He is a signal officer, that is, he runs telephone and telegraph wires everywhere, and puts up wireless apparatus. You ought to hear him tell about it. You see, in a big army like ours we have to have men who can do all sorts of things. I told the lieutenant about you, and how you'd love to have his signature, and he was glad to send it to you.

I surely did wish for you yesterday. Not very far from here a lot of our troops were having real war practise, and their officer invited us to see it. Well, sir, it was fine. They had trenches and real shooting of real cartridges, and bayonet practise, including real charges, and several of them nearly got hurt. Gee, but it was exciting, and you would have liked it. You see, our men have to learn, before they go into battle.

A week or so ago I wished for you again. I was on a train, and in the compartment opposite me was a fine-looking, red-cheeked French boy just about your size, only he had on long trousers. He smiled at me

and I smiled back, and I said "Bon Jour," and so did he; and I wanted to talk to him but couldn't speak his language and he couldn't speak mine, so we just looked at each other and grinned. I could tell that he had not seen many American soldiers, and wanted to talk to me badly. Wasn't that a terrible predicament for us fellows to be in? I hadn't seen many French boys and I wanted to tell him I had a fine boy of my own just his size, only he didn't wear long trousers. So there we sat until finally he got up, and walked out into the corridor (French trains have the corridor on the side instead of the middle like ours), and he hadn't been out there two minutes when there was a scratching and a fussing under his seat, and a beautiful dog pulled himself out and ran to his friend, the boy! And you should have heard that boy talk to him—real French—and the dog understood perfectly, which was more than I could do. So finally, after much talking, the dog came back and the boy came in, grinning all over. After two hours he and his friend, the dog, got off, and he saluted me like a French soldier, and I saluted him like an American soldier. Wasn't that nice?

Your Christmas gift from me will be late because I couldn't find just what I wanted. I have one gift now but want to get a few more for you. You won't mind waiting, will you?

What kind of a football team did you have this year? I love your letters. Be sure to write me often —long letters.

Gee, but you should have seen the house I saw in Paris, one that got bombed. Man alive, I'm glad I wasn't sleeping there. At night there is no light and the

people all carry flashlights, to keep from running into each other. You'd like it, but it scared me.

I went out to a hospital to see a sick friend and while I was there, the taxi driver left, and I got lost looking for another. I walked and walked, and got more lost each minute, and there were no taxis and no street cars, and nobody could speak English and I couldn't speak French. Wasn't that terrible? Then I thought it would be a good time to sit down and cry, and was just about to do it, when it suddenly occurred to me that I had a map of Paris in my pocket, so instead of crying I sat down and worked it all out—and after another half hour's walk, I was at a taxi stand. My, but I was scared! I wonder what you would have done?

Dad was sitting here in his room just reading a bit—but the light finally became dim, so he lit a pipe—the one you sent him and some of the tobacco, too—and then in the dusk, he sat there and began to think of you. That's a bad thing for a soldier to do, to sit around and think of those he loves. But this time old Dad, well—the pipe and that letter you wrote him about coming home sort of called you to his mind, and he couldn't resist a good think. And now he's sorry and paying the penalty. You may not understand that, but Mother will—she understands everything. Soldiers always have to pay for their misdemeanors, so it serves old Dad right. You know there is only one great drawback to this little trip Dad is taking abroad, and that is that he somehow can't seem to return home when he'd like to, however much he may want. You may not

understand that either, but Mother will explain it to you—just as she tried to explain to old Pete "Why is de war." So it's no use for Dad to tell you how much he'd like to come home, even for a little while—because it would only make you and him feel badly.

But gee, wouldn't it be fine if you could come over here for a bit! You'd see all sorts of things, big powerful automobiles, little Tin Lizzies, huge five-ton trucks, little airships and big ones. Guess what? The other day a tremendous big biplane went over us, making a terrible noise, and the aviator waved his hand to us. Everybody said it was an American plane, maybe with a Liberty motor. Then a second one came and met it, and they did have the best time chasing each other and doing fancy stunts, just practising you know, and then all of a sudden a little baby plane came over the hills just flying—and the two big ones took after him, and he just poked fun at them by running around them in a big circle. He was the fastest fellow I have ever seen; and then when they finished, they all flew off, three abreast, over the hills together, dear friends and comrades. Now, of course, Dad is nothing but a surgeon, but he kind of imagined that the two big fellows were bombers and could carry three or four men, while the baby was a scout, maybe a Boy Scout. Mother will tell you the difference between bombers and scouts, dear Mother who knows everything.

And then you could see lots of guns, funny-looking guns, big ones that men carry on their shoulders, bigger ones on wheels pulled by a mule, still bigger ones pulled by an auto, and huge ones that have to be pulled by a train.

And oh—I almost forgot—the other night there was an air raid—just when lots of wounded men had come in and had to be operated on. But nobody was afraid, because way up in the air blinking lights could be seen here and there, a patrol, guarding your Dad and his mates. And Mother will explain that to you, too.

And so it goes.

To Pete—Guard of the Detachment:

Daddy has seen lots of choo-choos and every time he sees one, he thinks of you. But they don't seem to have any zebras over here, so give my love to your zebra the next time you see him in the Park. Why don't you write to the Captain? He can read anything you write.

I am sure Mother was mistaken about your waking her up at half-past five in the morning. No indeedy, you wouldn't do that. You never did wake anybody up at night, no indeed. 'Course Daddy knows that. Dad hopes everybody spoils you.

I am sure you let all your little friends ride on your velocipede more than you do, and that's nice. I should think you'd have three or four birthdays every year, seeing how successful your last one was.

How is the candy supply holding out? I am sure Mr. Hoover doesn't think people should economize by cutting down on a baby's candy ration. They should increase it.

In patrolling your post, be sure to say, "Halt, who goes there? Advance and be recognized," and when they advance you say, "Have you any candy?" And if they have, you say "Give it to me!" And when they give it to you, you must say, "Pass on, friend"—of course if they haven't any, they are your enemy—and you mustn't let them by. That's the way all guards do, only over here instead of candy, it's cigars.

CHAPTER V

B. H. No. 18 IN ACTION

THE TEST—CHRISTMAS—A NEW MÉNAGE—MATTERS SARTORIAL—MATTERS SURGICAL—THE GREAT OFFENSIVE

December, 1917.

No one is very much pleased at the war news. A more chaotic situation could hardly be imagined. Oh, if we had only come in earlier—if we had two million men here, fully trained and equipped, what a smashing we could hand out to the Huns! To-day's papers chronicle the fall of Jerusalem—poor, sentimental victory!

Yesterday we had a sad morning. One of the medical students died of typhoid fever (he was the second student to die, the first having succumbed to scarlet fever a week ago) and was given a military funeral. All officers and nurses off duty attended, and also the entire body of enlisted men—except those on duty—with me, as their commander, at their head. It was the saddest thing. A quartet of the boy's student comrades sang "Lead Kindly Light" at the grave, and then after the short funeral oration, the bugler sounded that most beautiful of all military calls, "Taps." A fine, manly fellow he was, an only son. He would have graduated in medicine next June, and would have been made a first lieutenant immediately. It was a cold, gray morning as we stood in that little cemetery down in the valley, and one could see ambu-

lances and all sorts of war vehicles winding down the hill in the distance.

And then, after the funeral, the hospital had its first real test—a smaller hospital further up the line had to be evacuated of all its patients, and we were asked to receive them—not asked exactly, but rather told. So from morning till night, ambulance after ambulance rolled in, until by evening we had received all—over two hundred. And all during that day the usual work of the hospital went on just the same. I operated most of the day, and everything went fine. By seven o'clock every patient had been examined, his clothes checked; he had been bathed, and fed, and was in bed. 'Twas a bully test and now we are sure our organization is a real one, because we had about five hundred patients to begin with and can only house seven hundred and fifty—later on new buildings will be ready for us. Of course, every one knows that a matter of two hundred patients a day is nothing for a war hospital to get at once; during a drive they get them by the five and ten hundreds, but they get choked up with 'em, too, and they are four or five thousand bed hospitals to begin with—having an enormous staff, all experienced after three and a half years of trial. As for us, if we had tried to take two hundred patients in a day, at home, the hospital would have gone to pieces. All of which simply means that we are learning; we've got the system down; all we ask for is space and equipment.

Toward the close of the day, an amusing incident occurred. An officer, who happened to be one of the patients, was kept waiting a bit. He became very restless (like a good many officers) and finally said to the student examining him, "Why, you've got a wonderful

system here, keeping one man waiting like this. Wonder what you'd do if you got fifty at one time?" "Dunno, sir," said the private, "just what we'd do with fifty, but you happen to be the two hundred and first to-day." No more comments from the officer.

As I was writing the above, just about ten o'clock last night, a "non-com" knocked at my door and said, "Cap'n, a telephone message from up the line said for us to prepare to take in seventy-eight patients at midnight, they're on the way now!" Well, there wasn't anything else to do—we were rather tired—almost filled to the limit, it was a cold night, and we didn't know the reason for the rush (there is a reason, though, which can't be written just at present). The message did say that practically all were medical patients, so that relieved the situation for the surgical side. We at once routed out our men such as stretcher-bearers, cooks, waiters, extra guards, orderlies. Actually didn't have enough beds in the wards to put the men in, so at midnight we carted up beds, mattresses and blankets from a storehouse, and created an overflow ward out of a mess hall. Hot soup and hot coffee and bread were got ready, guards posted to guide the ambulances in the dark and then we waited—and waited. At three-thirty, the first ambulance rolled in with four men nearly frozen stiff, and one of them unconscious from gas fumes of the engine ('twas a new Ford). Fifteen minutes later a convoy of fifteen more little Ford ambulances came, just a-beating it along the road, and filed in.

I have never seen a prettier sight than that line of little cars, each filled to the brim with sick men, filing in and swinging round, to back up in a half circle at

our admitting office. I had remained up because it was our first night convoy, and the men work under my directions. A brother officer is the admitting officer, and had his complete medical staff on the wards, while the surgical side gave him one lieutenant in case any surgical case crept in. But we had planned out the system of getting the men out of the ambulances, into a warm room and fed—and I wanted to see that the organization ran smoothly and held tight. This probably seems a simple matter to you, and possibly to lots of doctors—I might have thought so myself a few months ago—but to inexperienced men over here it is a man-sized job. However, I was well repaid. It warmed my heart to see our crowd work—their soul was in it; even the cooks, always bad actors in the army, lent a hand, and actually fed men unable to feed themselves. In less than ten minutes we had every ambulance cleared, and every man housed and being fed; they had come over thirty miles, and many were very ill with pneumonia, influenza and everything else; three ambulances got lost and came in later with their men in bad shape. At three I went to bed with a clear conscience. By five every man had been examined; those infested with vermin had been clipped and bathed in hot water and soap (probably their first bath in France) and every man was in a warm bed. And to-day the hospital wears the sign "Business as usual."

These convoys are probably the first American troops of any size to be brought to an American hospital by an American ambulance company. They did their work well, and had comparatively few breakdowns; these cars were brand new, and they had no extra parts.

While on the way to get the patients, one driver started down a big hill, and then found his brakes wouldn't work. In order to keep from hitting the fellow in front of him, he turned off the road, jumped a ditch, missed a tree, and upset. His mates righted the car, which was undamaged, and found him under it, unhurt. They therefore shoved it back on the road, fixed the brakes and the unhurt driver went on as usual—everybody happy. Early this morning they had all left here—no one knows where they went.

Kinda' looks like the United States is at war. Yeh, I reckon so!

Forgot to mention one pathetic incident that rather made some of the fellows gulp; one poor fellow, obviously quite ill and hardly able to hold his head up, was brought in and placed at a table. He couldn't feed himself, so one of the cooks gave him a few mouthfuls of soup which he took without a word. Finally he said, "Say, is this a rest camp?" "Naw," answered a patient right next to him, "you're home now, son."

A beautiful, starlight, warm, quiet night it is—at eleven o'clock—peace and good will to all on earth it would seem to say—only we can plainly hear the big guns speaking, rather more ugly this evening—speaking of death, destruction, misery, and woe—speaking constantly, as if to presage an attack, or defense from attack. Long before this letter reaches you, will your papers tell the story—and maybe long before this letter leaves this country on its way to you, will I be giving the surgeon's answer to these night guns—and the surgeon's answer is all but as ugly as is the language of the guns; for it is brutal, gross, pitiless to destroyed

human tissue, in order to preserve the pitiful human derelicts' lives!

It takes a strong man to be a war surgeon, an unthinking man in many respects, for if he thinks in terms of suffering he is lost—as would be the general if he thought in terms of life. Never shall I forget my early introduction to this work—way last fall—when I found myself wanting to cry out in anguish against it all, hesitating with knife in hand to do the work I'd come over for, and trained so carefully for, through many years. "Don't think; work, old man!" I found myself saying. "Pay no attention to this man's pleading eyes and sorrowful face, make them shove him under ether, and think no more of him, think only of the job, the mechanics of your work." And so I did, and so I have continued to do. It can't be done any other way. That man died; he lived weeks after that operation, but he was doomed from the outset; others since have succumbed, but the vast majority of those who have come to us have been saved, and we hope to continue the good record already established. "The Crack Unit of the Army" they call us, and that's a huge satisfaction!

The realities of life come home to me on days like the present, and the immediate future looms up in rather gloomy form. A sharp, icy wind, snow and ice all round, water freezing in the pitcher in one's room, faucets frozen tight, the thermometer registering around zero—and in spite of it, war activities continue on all sides, with sick and wounded continually pouring into the hospital. In ancient wartimes, indeed in rather recent times, the advent of winter brought on an almost total cessation of hostilities. In these days it apparently

makes little or no difference—it even helps matters, since the frozen ground offers a footing for men and cannon that can not be found in wet weather. Only four days ago I passed through a movement of artillery, the magnitude of which is unimaginable! For miles and miles it stretched, effectively blocking the roads in all directions, and men and horses looked extremely fit—these same men, horses and artillery will "speak" very shortly, according to common report.

The Allies are up against it, now that Russia is out and Italy down—there's no use denying it. Now everything depends on us. If England and France can stand the gaff, till we really get into position to do something, I predict that not only the Hohenzollern dynasty will fall, but that Germany will be dismembered—such is the temper of the people—but the question arises, can they hold? Who knows? I believe they can—but the Paris of next winter will be even drearier than it is now. And the widows and orphans to be created will far outnumber those that have been produced during the past three and a half years! I know whereof I speak. Sometimes I am appalled at the thought of what is to come and my sadness knows no bounds—for myself, for the men, I have no great sorrow; it's too bad—and some of them didn't know what they were getting into when they came; after all, a man's more or less of a brute anyhow—but the women and the little children!! Yet argue as I will, I see nothing else to it—it must be done; it must go to a finish; I hope to be in at the finish.

Heavy snows all Christmas. A Christmas in France isn't half bad, provided there's no other place to go,

and a fellow can't be with those he loves. Ah me, it's a fine war.

For several weeks we received neither mail nor packages, and everybody had the dumps. Then just the day before Christmas, as if it had been timed, the avalanche began and it is still going strong. Letters —long, beautiful letters came from home to all men and women, breathing of love and greetings, and all the big doings going on. And accompanying the letters came boxes of cake, candies, smokes, warm garments, papers, books—every conceivable thing, until we are literally finding it difficult to stow the things away.

That marvelous chamois shirt came, and was donned at once, and is still donned and will remain so, till the cold weather is over—and then it will be hidden away for future use (at home I pray). How did you ever think of such a thing? They are about the most highly prized articles of wear over here, but they are very scarce and expensive. Mine fits perfectly—all thanks for it.

I receive about twice as many packages as any other officer—so to-day, when a box of cigars came, and the box of socks, and the fruit cake, the fellows rose in a body and threatened in the future to confiscate all packages that come in my name. As one man put it, "I'm a liar if you don't get at least one package a day and lots of days two or three, and it isn't right. Nobody loves you that much and if they do, they're mistaken." I divide everything with the fellows, in fact we all live in one barrack, and everyone helps himself to whatever he wants, whenever he wants it. It's all one big, happy family.

But to tell you of the Christmas. Two big regi-

mental bands were here all day, one belonging to a detachment of engineers putting up hospitals here, and the other visiting. They paraded, and we all marched with them up and down Tokio Alley (the name we give to the covered way between our wards) and as we passed, the nurses and ambulant patients were all at the doors—so we officers grabbed the nurses by the arm, and dragged them into the parade, the first we have ever had. They didn't have to be dragged so hard, either. Then a band stopped before one of the wards and gave a beautiful concert, playing among other things "Over There"—none of us had ever heard it before. We liked it pretty well. You see, we have been starved for music.

Back home they think this is all a fine, band-flaring, heroic jaunt, while in reality it is nothing but a fearful grind, with dark nights when air raids are in progress, —cold, rain and snow, and a good flop in the mud when it's not freezing.

Then at two o'clock, officers and nurses ate a big dinner together at the nurses' mess—the only time we have ever eaten together. A fine turkey dinner. The enlisted men had the same. Just adjacent to us another big hospital is going up, and the Y. M. C. A. have put up a huge building, just finished for Christmas Eve, where one of the bands gave a concert. But yesterday afternoon both bands were there, and first one played, then the other, keeping up continual music. Oh, it was thrilling! The place was crowded with enlisted men, who had all begun to dance with one another. It was a sight never to be forgotten. A big barn of a place, electric lights (juice from our plant), hordes of men in sweaters, overalls or overcoats, all in heavy field

shoes, the air thick with frost and smoke, the bands flaring, and men all dancing either together or alone. Some had strangle holds on each other and just hopped, others in heavy overcoats waltzed with beatific smiles of contentment and ecstasy, while still others did intricate fancy dances, and a few the ordinary buck and wing. And just a few doctors danced in and out with the nurses. Musicians played as hard as they could, all in overcoats,—kettle drums, cornets, bass drums, fifes, going continually—first one band, then another.

I had the dumps badly on Christmas Eve; I had been thinking of home and the children—so I just stayed in quarters. Hal and one other married man were in the same boat and stayed, too, and refused to take part in the festivities in spite of all entreaties. Next day I still felt badly, but a fellow has to conceal his feelings over here, so I played my part with a heavy heart—until that exhibition in the Y. M. C. A. It was at once the most inspiring thing I have seen over here, and the saddest. I couldn't help choking down a big lump as I watched it—not a man was drunk, but all were starved for a bit of music and they made the most of it. Toward the end we were howling with glee,—officers and men—all good fellows. Pandemonium reigned supreme! All of a sudden the "Star Spangled Banner" rang out with massed bands. Immediately a hush fell, a click sounded, and men and officers in all parts of the building came to attention! It's a war, after all. I thought of home and country, I always do when at salute. The afternoon's fun was over.

But at night there was an impromptu vaudeville for the enlisted men, and they say it was fine. At eight-

thirty the nurses served chocolate and bread and butter to the officers, and our Buzzard's Band played while a dance was staged—Buzzards being me (how thankful I am for my old mandolin skill which has returned to me after years of neglect), Huck at the banjo, Stover at the guitar, Shack at the French harp, Bill at the other mandolin, and Waldo at the tambourine. Wonderful, dreamy music—more or less—chiefly less. We bought one-horse instruments in Paris, each member of the band takes his turn at dancing if he chooses, though Huck and I rarely indulge—the barrack is only frame after all, and we hate to injure it. Occasionally, though, the whole band gets up and dances around, while playing for itself.

The nurses are wonderful sports, fine women; their lot is a sad one. They have beds side by side like the enlisted men, and their barracks are cold as can be, nights and early morning. We haven't learned how to treat nurses yet, and refuse to consider them officers. They get up at seven o'clock, and are on duty for twelve hours. We have made every effort to provide warm offices for them, and see that they have warm clothes. We came over in summer, and until December they had to wear white uniforms, no others having been provided. Many of them have chilblains, and never are there less than five, out of the sixty-five, sick in the infirmary. Once fifteen were ill, and one died of scarlet fever. They are not allowed to ride in automobiles or ambulances. It's too dreary to relate. We do everything possible to help them and cheer them up, but their evenings are usually dull and they get very much depressed. Outside officers are not allowed

to call except on Sunday afternoons; we go over two or three times a week in a body, and play and sing with them. Next winter it won't be half so bad for us over here—because of the valuable experience gained this one.

New Year's Eve.

I am with the other officers, most of whom seem rather depressed. It is very quiet.

Perhaps it is the weather that's so disheartening—the cold, the snow, the dampness, when it thaws a wee bit. The other night the temperature was four below zero. Twenty-four hours later there was an appreciable rise, even a thaw, and since then things have eased up a bit. It has been very cold, we all welcomed it for the relief from rain. Every morning the water is frozen in my tin water pitcher; also in the water bottle each man keeps in his room for purposes of teeth-cleansing. Snow every day—it now lies several inches thick, and is quite dry. No sleds are to be had, so a few of the fellows are building one to-day. The coal situation is so bad that increasing difficulty will arise in heating the wards—so unless war conditions become most acute, I rather feel that our plant will, of necessity, be unable to handle many patients. Some wards already have no water.

I wrote to you the other day that Jock and one or two other doctors are to be attached to us. This made it necessary to find quarters for them, so in my work of plantation supervisor, it fell to me to look about. The chateau had nothing to offer, but there is a broken-down wing where servants formerly lived. This

seemed the only place for them, the miserably dirty rooms appeared to have possibilities. At least their walls are air- and rain-proof, and so is the roof, and the floor. I mentioned this to a few of the older men, and after looking over the rooms carefully, all of us have decided to give up our rooms here in the barrack, and move in. We have had the floors scrubbed, and at a nearby town bought wallpaper and linoleum—at a dollar a yard—and are busily fixing it up. I have had the rooms wired, and each one has a little stove in it. No water, of course, or bath facilities—such accoutrements of civilization being non-existent outside of Paris—but these rooms promise to be better than we had hoped. Mine has one small window and is about twelve by six, but will be cozy and dry and warm—the only thing comparable to a home that I have known since leaving. I would not have moved to these new and better quarters if I had not felt that I have honestly served my time in the barrack. At the port of landing our quarters were awful, and here they left much to be desired. The next three months will probably prove to be the most trying, and it will be nice to be as comfortable as possible.

We are allowed to send personal photographs now, so I am sending a few very poor ones taken with a pocket kodak I bought recently. Had them taken in my heavy "warm" to show you how I wrap up, and in my ordinary work suit, to prove that I am still a bit husky.

We are still filled up with patients, and as fast as we send some out, others come in to take their places.

January, 1918.

Here I sit this quiet Saturday night, at last in my own room, not entirely fixed up yet, but warm and quiet. A glowing red stove, very tiny but ample for this wee place, is just back of me. True, it smokes me out at regular intervals (I think it's a Hun), but occasionally it gets going and then it is grand—*tres bon*. The window faces the West and it is said the sun does shine once a year in this God-forsaken region, so I am all set for it. The walls are newly-papered by convalescent patients—white ceiling with a purplish chrysanthemum design for the side walls, and a border up top—most stylish. I am sorry about my inability to describe things and am quite sure you cannot form any idea of the paper and general appearance but maybe I'll get old Bruno, orthopedist by trade, interior decorator by choice, to describe it for me. I think it looks fine, even though I did take the first paper the poor woman offered me; her shop was so cold and she couldn't understand me, nor I her, so in order to avoid argument, I took the stuff. I was lucky to get any. The floor is half covered with the linoleum, and will be entirely covered in a day or two—I didn't have time to put it down to-day—brown linoleum with a white border, more or less. Bed in one end, table along the side, and wash-stand back of the door; a trunk, a little book-case and a couple of chairs finish up. At least now I can read and write when I choose. It's been all but impossible of late—so cold and uncomfortable. This is the first time I have had the slightest bit of privacy since leaving home—lo these many months ago, and how I did love that home and the human wealth it did contain and still shelters.

Operated all day yesterday and felt fine at the end. Wore all the clothes I had, and cap and gown on top—it was so cold in the operating room. We have steam heat in it from a boiler alongside, but the boiler is usually broken and when it isn't, it is insufficient to heat the place properly in zero weather. We keep the patients warm with blankets. It isn't ideal, but the technic is good, and so are the results, and the patients don't know anything about it because they are asleep. In spite of it all, ether pneumonia is very rare, because we are working on healthy young men. *C'est la Guerre.*

I had an interesting experience the other night. About nine o'clock an ambulance brought in a poor fellow whose left arm was terribly mussed up with a gun-shot. The whole thing was shattered and I was doing my best to save it, but it was hopeless, so having decided to take it off near the shoulder, I was in the midst of the operation, when the noise of curtains being drawn over the skylight struck my ears, and the nurse stepped up and slipped a strong headlight over my cap. An air raid notice had been received. Within a minute or two every light in the hospital was out except the one on my head. It certainly did look queer every time I looked up to see the doctors and orderlies watching me from the darkness. I finished the operation promptly, and the man has done very well. Outside you could hear the planes, but whether they were Huns or not cannot be said. They were probably our own patrols. Heavy gun-fire was quite audible.

Yesterday all day it rained, and the ice and snow were nearly washed off the ground for the first time in weeks, but when I woke up this morning, there were four inches of fresh snow covering everything, and

still going strong. This makes our problem more trying. The French railroad system compares to our little jerk-water roads, the road beds are extremely light. Freight cars are about one-third the size of ours, and one-fifth in weight and capacity, and the same thing applies to locomotives and passenger trains, except the few big, heavy through-trains on the main line. Back of the front all traffic by rail is precarious, and when ice and snow come along the worst kind of tie-ups occur, and it requires superhuman efforts to relieve them, for troop shifts and supplies must never under any circumstances be impeded, and trucking is always in a bad way.

I had three or four tremendous French trucks hauling coal and wood from the station yesterday and day before, but they were either stalled continually or slipping off the road. One big Packard went clean through a stone wall. This morning we got in five more carloads of coal, one car of wood, and a big army engine, and they must be moved and we haven't a single truck. We need about a hundred thousand more trucks over here. If something doesn't show up about two oclock, I am going to haul in ambulances. With the hospital full of patients, every man is working—not infrequently we have to work a fellow all night after he has worked all day. We have a tremendous plant and transportation is so critical that we have to husband our supplies, because we never know when the next shipment will come. I attend to all these little odd jobs between operations.

The last cigars were especially good, chiefly because they are packed in tins, which keeps them moist. Those that come in boxes are dry when they reach here, prob-

ably because they are packed in the holds of vessels where it is very warm, and they are en route such a long time.

I was just thinking as I wrote the last sentence all about cigars and their shipping, that it sounds so little and trivial. I am way over here in a big fight, and writing home in detail about the shipping of cigars; yet, as I size it up, it is just such tiny little things that make up a soldier's life—eating, sleeping, smoking. Of the three, smoking is by far the most important for his happiness. Comforts do not exist; food, such as one would like, it is not possible to have. Sleep? Yes, but the beautiful white sheets and the warm, dry room, and bath-room—one does have them in certain parts of the world, but not here. But smokes are the same here as elsewhere, only more so. Many men smoke here who have never smoked before—all men smoke twice as much as ever before. Tobacco is not only a comfort, but a necessity which all the armies recognize and provide for. French civilians now cannot buy a single cigarette—it is not possible to get one in a tobacco shop in Paris, but there is no dearth in the French army and there will not be.

The days slip by slowly, inevitably, all just alike, interesting in a way, full of work that not only saves life but the soul of the surgeon, the civilian soldier, as well. Yesterday was a beautiful, crisp, sunny day—one of the few we have had. To-day the wind is howling. Torrents of cold rain have frozen into sheet ice all over the place until I have to have ashes liberally strewn to avoid accident. Dreary, desolate, one of those days at home when a fellow remained indoors as much as

possible, and felt sorry for the policemen and others, whose work necessitated their being in the streets. I operated until one-fifteen, then lunched, made ward rounds, got up the list of patients to be evacuated from my ward—for we are sending several hundred patients rearward this time; then censored the letters allotted to me, then up to my little room, off with rubber boots and raincoat—and flat on my back with a book—"His Last Bow," by Conan Doyle. You won't believe it, I am sure, but this is the first book of any kind I have read since leaving home.

One of our officers took a bath a few days ago and now lies in the officers' ward with a high fever. Several others were about to follow his example but have desisted. I never had any such fool idea. There is only one way to do it. Get leave for a few days and go to the nearest town where they have a hotel with bathroom and hot water. Take two or three baths at one time, and get into bed.

But there is another good way of getting sick over here—travelling. In Paris three weeks ago, I nearly froze. Even the hotels are unheated, and, to make matters worse, they didn't have enough cover on my bed. I tried to tell the fool maid about it the first night, but she could not understand and so, as I was already in bed, I gave up in disgust, and put my big overcoat over me, but it was too cold to sleep. The next night the same maid turned up when I rang, and I had to go over the whole question again with her, with Hal looking on and laughing. He had been cold, too, and wanted a blanket, but couldn't say so, and they have no room phones in the hotel, and very few of the usual English-speaking clerks. Finally I grabbed

the maid by the scruff of the neck and led her to the bed where I counted each cover as I took it off, "*un, deux, trois,*" and then with my hands tried to tell her that I wanted a *quatre* (pronounced "Cat" by us linguists), and then she understood. It took forty-five minutes, but finally she counted "*Oi, bon, tres-bon, cat couverts.*" "Sure, *cat couverts,* two *cats,* one for my grinning friend, but if you only bring one *cat,* I'm going to get it!" And would you believe it, she did only bring one! Then old Hal had to begin to work, and I just lay there laughing. He finally got his *cat,* though, and we spent a fair night. It took us until eleven-thirty to explain about the *cats,* and we had to get up at six to get the train, and all day long we travelled in cold cars, and I got a cold—and if I had washed just once, I am sure I would have been very sick, but I didn't.

I was just looking around my ward when the Y. M. C. A. representative came in and asked permission to give the boys a little concert. He had with him a young American man and lassie, singers, and a Roumanian violinist. It was about four-fifteen, and there in the dimly-lighted wooden barrack, with the up-patients cuddled around the stove and the bed patients eating supper, the violinist gave three very pretty selections. The lassie sang some nice songs, and had a sweet voice, and despite an obvious cold and the lack of the necessary piano, the boys gave her a hand. Then the man sang, and then they sang a duet. It was really pathetic to see how the men listened—some minus arms, others all mussed up by

bullets or automobile accidents; others down with appendicitis. A few faintly joined in the chorus. They are not operatic stars, but they are very good, travelling from one camp to another doing their bit. They have two more places to visit to-day, and the snow is now a foot deep and still coming down. Things like this are among the many activities of the Y. M. C. A., that wonderfully managed organization. I told them to visit us whenever they come around this way.

Yesterday Jim and I drove over to two famous French watering places twenty miles from here. Two base hospitals are at each place quartered in the big, beautiful, stone hotels. The French used these hotels themselves earlier in the war, but they have turned them over to us. Some of them will hold as many as six hundred patients, others are smaller. They are all very pretty and both places in peace time must have been exquisite. You will know which they are, perhaps. Now they are cold and dreary, very few people are about. You can imagine what a huge summer resort is like in winter. They have nice baths and running water, and electric light. Two of them will be as fine as any hospitals at home, only there will be no heating plants, just dirty, little coal stoves everywhere. These Units came over within the last six weeks and are horribly depressed and homesick. One came in on New Year's Day. Can you imagine anything worse? They will be very comfortable eventually, but for all that I'd rather be where we are, in barracks—a real army hospital, with and of the troops, living the real army life. The soldiers are all around us, their machine

guns and hand grenades are going all day long. They invite us out, know us and visit us, and along the road we found that all the men know B. H. No. 18, as they call us, and when they get here, they seem content and hate to leave. Yes, I like ours best.

To-day I read Czernin's and von Hertling's replies to the President. One hardly dares to hope.

For some weeks now no officer or enlisted man has been permitted to leave his post, except on special order, and we have no idea when the ban will be lifted, nor are we interested. The sooner we get down to real work, the better every one will like it, no matter what comes, and the earlier will the Hun realize what he is up against, for congressional investigations notwithstanding, this American army is steadily growing and steadily improving, and all I have to say to the enemy is "Wait until our boys are in the trenches!" I also say to him that will be a good opportunity to see whether God is as good and close a friend as their Kaiser's been claiming. Our troops, I predict, will fight like the Canadians, and of all the troops over here the Huns fear most the Canadians, who fight like demons and take few prisoners, mostly none.

I have passed along my job as detachment commander to one of the younger men; the place is thoroughly organized now; every man knows his job and is doing it. It became a matter of irksome detail which kept me from shouldering my full share of surgical work, so I asked to be relieved. The plan is gradually to withdraw all surgeons from administrative work, and to give each of the four of us more surgical wards as the work increases. I simply supervise my former job. While I had it, I took my turn at the operating table,

but was unable to do the post-operative work, which is really the more important. It is a pleasure to be a full-fledged surgeon again.

There have been many surprising things in this country, not the least of which is the weather. With our frigid December we shuddered to think what January and February might have in store, and that's the queer part. During this whole month it has been comparatively warm, every vestige of snow has been washed away by the rain, and to-day the wind is blowing a gale of warm air just as it does at home in March. The sun is shining in a half-hearted way and overcoats are not to be considered. We surely never have such warm weather as this at home in January, but there are lots of things they have here which we have not at home, for which we may be devoutly thankful.

We get all sorts of orders here regarding dress. At first, no officer was allowed to wear the Sam Brown belt, now no officer is allowed to go outside his post without it. We hadn't been here long before the dress cap we wore at home was taboo, and no one was allowed anything but the so-called campaign hat, which may be all right in Mexico but can't be folded into one's pocket, when the trench helmet is worn. Now the cap has been resurrected for dress and travel, and the little trench cap is regulation for every day.

Three or four months ago some of us asked one of the division surgeons if we might not wear long trousers in the hospital, and he nearly fainted at the idea. He was a regular, however, and new ideas are always a shock to them. We explained to him how ungodly are puttees, especially when a fellow has to

hop up at night for emergency work, but he couldn't see it. Evidently, doctors in regular army hospitals never had to get up at night. However, a recent order permits all doctors to wear long trousers at all times, within their own station—only now we can't get them, since they must be made of regulation stuff. Many of the British officers wear simple long trousers while on leave—one sees them everywhere.

Then, when a fellow comes back to his quarters for an hour or so in the evening, to get off his shoes he must shed his puttees. If he doesn't, they slide down; if he takes off puttees and shoes for a pair of slippers, his socks slide down because garters are not worn. So altogether, in the evening every fellows' lowers look sort of wrecked. And just after one gets the whole outfit off, a fool orderly is sure to come running with a message to come over to the ward, so on everything goes again. For days at a time we just wear rubber boots—they are fine for breakfast or night-calls. It does look funny to see the men operating in full war regalia, for we never change to the beautiful white suits any more. It's too cold, there's no time, and laundry facilities are inadequate.

And our coat with its high collar is bound to go. The regular flat collar and coat with big pockets, such as men of the other armies wear, are the thing. Ours are uncomfortable in warm weather and in quarters, so every man takes his coat off as soon as he reaches his room and puts on a sweater. Compared to the officers of the other armies, our men are at a disadvantage, all because of the coat, for physically they are as fine a body of men as any—and then some.

I can tell very little of real things since censor regu-

lations grow more strict each day. It is wonderful to see the hospitals go up—they are shipped in sections, and spring up over night.

There is nothing going on at present, though we are ready for any eventuality. You may draw your own conclusions from that.

We are on paper a base hospital, but in reality an evacuation hospital. Those closer up to the line are the casualty clearing stations, the ones which first receive the wounded, oftentimes huge bases composed of thousands of beds and hundreds of operators, the best obtainable. It is to these that we will send teams at the time of the big drives. For instance, in the last French drive in the fall, when part of the Chemin des Dames was taken, at one of the several casualty clearing stations the French had four thousand beds and practically every well-known French surgeon, some as old as sixty-five years, were there weeks ahead, getting ready. A team of operators went from here, and several other American hospitals were represented. When the push got under way, each team worked in eight-hour shifts, eight hours on and eight hours off duty, till all was over. It was finished in four days, the patients were moved out and back as soon as operated, and after seven days practically every team had left and gone back to its base. These people have calculated how many men are likely to be wounded on the first day, on the second, third, and so on, according to the number of men engaged; and also how many major operations a surgeon can do in eight hours (the number is twenty), and how many minor ones (the number is sixty). So knowing the number of men to be engaged, they have ready a

given number of beds and equipment, and a given number of operating surgeons, and the remarkable feature is that their calculations are about right! These evacuation plants are usually out of the line of fire but not always so. Our teams will take turns at them as ordered. In general there is little danger, but they are quite close up and we know what that means. The doctor, especially the surgeon, is just as much of a fighting man these days as the line officer. So it is written.

I was sitting here at my desk just now, when in the distance the beautiful bugle call sounded. Its tones were pure and clear, and I opened my window to hear them, as I have frequently done, each time being recalled from the humdrum of routine to the reality of war and all that it means. Our own bugler is an amateur compared to the one with the troops in the village. Did you ever listen to the bugle calls of the night? They always give me a thrill, but fill me with an unutterable sorrow and sadness at the uselessness, the waste, the awful sacrifice of it all. It still appears to be only a dream, out of which I shall awake.

Sunday. I do wish you could have seen the troops swinging along this afternoon, slopping through the mud at a good pace, and all equipped. They did look good and they look better each day. One would never take them for the same fellows who came in a short time ago—young, husky, well-built, muscular, broad-shouldered boys who aren't skeered of hell. I think Mr. von Hertling will get an answer to that egotistic pan-Hun speech of his that he will not soon forget. How I do hate and loathe them! I never expect to

speak to a German, or even a Hun sympathizer again in my life and there is no propaganda of hate over here, either. It just grows on you. But don't ever let them tell you that the Americans will not give a good account of themselves. I have seen the whole development. At first some were a bit worried, and expressed it by saying that when we finally did get in they hoped some French troops would be in front of our big hospitals in addition to our own troops. Nix on that stuff! I don't want the French or the British, either, in front of me—they have all they can do to take care of themselves. I want our own troops, then if they give way, we will all give together, though I never saw the Dutchman who could beat me running. Only they will not give way, never fear. We are going to get some good lickings. The fact is, we got one sometime ago, though I don't know how much you know of it, and I can't tell. It amounted to little and we repaired the damage long ago. But I miss my guess if we don't give more than we get. They're a husky breed and if I were at all friendly to the Huns, which I am not, I'd advise them to stand from under while the standing is good. Only I am exceedingly anxious for our men to take but little part until about a million of them are ready, then with reserves steadily piling in I'd like to see them start. And when we get a nice little crowd of two or three million, we can all push together—British, French and Americans—and we'll push harder and longer and take fewer prisoners.

Do you still speak to slackers and such earthly scum? If you could but know of the men who have come over here and the sacrifices they have made, men who need not have come, others whose health was

such that they should not have come! I still feel that this is a war every man should get into. It is right, it must go through. Sometimes I just sit and try to think it all out. A living husband and father is better than a dead one—it is dreadful to have made you suffer, but this is the suffering time. At least you know that my coming to this war was not the mad, impulsive prank of a thoughtless, foolish man—that it was the calm, thoughtful result of an unquenchable feeling that a great wrong perpetrated against humanity must be avenged and that the avengers (perhaps I had better not use the term avengers), the correctors had better be men who felt deeply and had sacrifices to make—in order to take part in the crusade of righteousness. That feeling is still as strong as ever in me, if anything—even stronger.

The peace bubbles have burst. I am so sorry, but not surprised. This war will probably end in the fall of 1919. In one year from this spring, we will be ready. Then all that summer we and the Allies will hammer away together and will crush the Huns, and in the fall will come peace.

February, 1918.

I have just come in from a stirring band concert. All the regiments have big bands and they like to come around and give us a tune, and we like to have them. They just roll up in big army trucks and parade up and down Tokio Alley, and we all fall in in back of them—nurses, doctors and enlisted men, until they finally settle down and give a regular concert. The patients, even the very ill ones, just go wild at the sound of music. The drummer to-day had brought all

the fool whistles, boxes, bells and tambourines that they delight to use at home. How he carried them all aboard his ship in crossing, and still keeps them, is a mystery. Everybody howled with glee over him, even the old colonel who came along with his staff. A little music helps a great deal. For months we heard nothing but the bugle calls in military camps, but we have treated loads of officers and men at this hospital and they like us, and show it by bringing up their bands.

And now we've got a nigger battalion of stevedores here, all Southern gentlemen, but they look so sad and homesick, we all feel sorry for them. They have white officers, and the other day one of them asked a boy if he didn't want to take a squad over the hills and do a certain job. "Deed boss," he said, "ef dat's gonna take me nearer de State of Alabama ah wants to do it, but ef it ain't, ah don't." He did it anyhow. Another one told one of our men, "Lawd 'a massy, but ah neber suspected deh was so much watah in de ocean, and believe me, ef a whole lot ob it ain't dried up by de time foh me to go home, dis nigger is sho' gwine to become a furriner foh good."

One of our boys asked one of them when they got over. "Deed boss," he said, "we ain't bin ovah ve'y long, but mah captain, he done tole us to keep ouah mouths shet, an so I cain't tell yuh when we got ovah, and I done forgot de name ob de boat we come on, 'caus mah cap'n, he said we'd bettah fergit it, ef we know'd what was good foh us. But dey's one ting ah can tell yuh, and dat is, mah name's George Washington Alexander Jones, and ah's fum Alabama." The whole camp has been howling about that ever since.

And one of them stopped one of our boys and said,

"Boss, kin yuh tell me how fer we is fum de trenches?" Upon being told he said, "Well, ah do declare! It's maughty funny and it's curious, too, but ev'ry time dey moves us we get closer to de trenches, and ah don't know as I cares about moving any moh."

But another one asked the same question and upon being told, said he wanted to go right up there, and the reason was that he hated the Germans. "Ah hates dem and ah wants to git at dem, 'cause dey's de cause ob my gitting drafted and bein' ovah here." Isn't that great?

We can tell that they haven't been over very long, because they don't know the money. One had some silver coins in his hands and said, "Well, if dey calls dis a Frank, ah reckon dey must call dis little one a John!" and then they all howled with delight. They are a peaceable crowd, rather like domesticated animals, and we are all glad to see them.

The woman who makes up our rooms has a little girl about Pete's age and size. I give her chocolate and little ribbons as they come on the boxes. These people are not poor, so don't send anything for her. As the Major says, if the war lasts long enough we will be borrowing money from the French.

Paul must be on his way over now—hope he comes through all right. The *Tuscania* affair must make them a bit nervous these days. It was wonderful, though, that the loss of life was so small, and it is even more remarkable that more transports are not potted. It's all due to the navy—those destroyers are a comforting sight alongside one. We often hark back to our days of anxiety and I never can help smiling at one little occurrence. We were proceeding along

one evening, peacefully and through a smooth sea, everybody in a good humor. It was rapidly growing toward dusk and almost at dark one of our destroyers stole noiselessly and very close up to our side and the commander yelled over, " . . . you've got a light abaft your bridge." Almost instantaneously, like a lion's roar, the fog-horn voice of our captain yelled, " Put out that light, you ——." Man alive, but that light did go out and our group did " ha-ha." I don't know just what was the rank of the gentleman who had the light, but he never argued about it, nor did he try to have the captain court-martialled, and we all, even the ladies, had to admit that for rapidity of thought and versatility in cussing, the captain could give us all lessons. He surely was an artist.

My birthday. One little incident happened this morning that I would rather not have participated in on this day. After all, it's all in the day's work. Had to attend the funeral of two British officers. Poor fellows, they were aviators, and the other day, went on a little bombing party over into the land of the Huns. Their work accomplished, they returned to the station but made a faulty landing, and both were instantly killed, and sent down here for burial. Four of their brother officers came down, and ten of us were detailed as an escort. It was a slow, solemn, sad procession to our little graveyard, which is rapidly becoming filled. All traffic was stopped, and as the cortège passed all men came to attention. Side by side they were laid in little wooden coffins, which had been draped in American flags, since we have no British ensigns. A brief prayer was given by one of our Y. M. C. A.

attachés, and then our bugler sounded taps. At its conclusion each British officer stepped up to the grave in turn, clicked heels, came to attention, and saluted his fallen comrades. I followed out of courtesy. The fortunes of war!

Looked at from a distance, even considering it here in an abstract sort of way, this is a thrilling spectacle. Millions of men separated from each other, hardly more than thirty yards in some places, all armed to the teeth—waiting, watching day and night, each ready to swing at the other, yet not quite ready, not sure, a bit uncertain, waiting for the other fellow to start. It's a heap bigger circus than Barnum and Bailey's. Artillery—backed up everywhere—troops, hundreds of thousands, and more hundreds of thousands, our own dear boys among them now, and holding a sector. Supply trains, huge motor trains of all kinds, ambulance trains, small hospitals, big ones, huge ones,—all waiting—ready. I don't know which side is going to start this offensive and if I did I would not tell, but if the Huns do—God help them! That's all I've got to say about it.

And these millions of men that are waiting, they have eyes—big, flying eyes, eyes that rove all around day and night, and blow hell out of things and take pictures as they do it. And occasionally they rove and don't throw anything, just take pictures. But the other night when we were all in darkness—that was one of their blowing nights.

There will be no victory, no military victory on either side this year as I see it. The Huns cannot break through, they may gain here and there but they can't break through, nor can the Allies until your Uncle Sam

gets ready. And he won't be really ready for another year. Both sides realize this, I think, and that's why there may be a patched-up peace. It is difficult to size up the Huns, but it rather appears as if they would like to get out, and retain a shred of America's friendship, but I'm not sure. The Allies are awfully tired, but the Huns have got a lacing coming to them—and it would be a pity not to let them have it.

Yesterday Jim, the Major, and I drove over to a little town twenty-five miles away. They had to transact some business at headquarters and I had to try on my new suit. Imagine having to drive fifty miles in an open jitney to try on a suit! A year ago I would not have done it, but I either had to do it or go without. The suit is whipcord breeches and a grayish-green cloth coat. The stuff we get at home is not to be had here, so this is regulation now. Got back at seven-thirty, to find that twenty recent shrapnel cases, had been received and the whole surgical staff was hard at work, so after a bite to eat I donned cap and gown and took a table, and had a rather busy time. The first case was a trooper who had been accidentally shot through the calf of his left leg with a big army forty-four revolver, and had come in two days later with a bad infection. I had to split his leg wide open —a ghastly thing. Next was a young British aviator who about mid-day flew over the Hun lines with a few of his mates and bombed a certain well-known town, blew up the railroad station, started fires, played hell generally and, as he said, had a " fine show." They travelled at about fourteen thousand feet, and on their way back four Hun planes got after them (they were

three) and they had a "merry time"—you'd think it was a pink tea to hear him tell of it—finally shooting down one of the enemy. His crowd all got back safely, but a bullet hit his machine gun and splintered a bit of casing, part of which entered his right fore-arm, so I ended the show by putting him to sleep and removing the foreign bodies. He should do well. They are a jolly, adventurous lot—those aviators. I can't help liking them. Next came a poor fellow who had been badly injured by a hand grenade two days previously. I removed a slug as big as the end of one's finger from the back of his sciatic nerve, way up near the hip joint, just as the nerve comes out of the pelvis, another from deep in his right thigh around the great vessels, and still another from another part of the same leg. Also had to open up his other thigh and numerous other deep places on both legs, which are peppered. Most of the others were too small to get, but it was a frightful case, one of the worst we have had. He has at least a dozen tremendous wounds, into many of which I put the famous Dakin tubes for irrigation. He is a sick boy. I got to bed at one-fifteen. My, but your triscuit did taste good! If you are in a sending mood, maybe I could use a bit more, eh what? I forgot to mention that a little air raid was in progress during the pleasantries, but they didn't visit us.

In spite of the fact that our troops now definitely hold a certain sector, things are still very quiet. We are simply marking time, probably the lull before the storm. Each surgeon operates every fourth day unless there is a rush. On Sunday night we had all four tables going for a while, but we have been at the game quite

a time now, and it doesn't take long to clean up. Did you ever see four surgeons working in the same room, each with his own assistants, nurses and orderlies? No, neither did I until I got over here—a queer sight for the unitiated. Four men on the tables, four more on stretchers being anæsthetized, each surgeon and his crew working. Along with the men Sunday night two little French boys were brought in. We don't take Frenchmen ordinarily but we did these little chaps of about fifteen years. They had found a hand grenade, opened it, poured out some of the powder and lighted it—and a war has been going on right here for nearly four years. Wouldn't you think they would know better? One of them lost both eyes and his face is a mess; the other lost one eye. They are in my ward and are as cunning and good as can be. The soldiers are making great pets of them. They wait on them, try to talk to them, feed them and nurse them like mothers.

It is amusing to watch these big, awkward troopers, mostly country boys, help each other and the nurses. They carry the weaker patients around, wash them, feed them and light their cigarettes. They are a great help and good patients, and in spite of all the big battle wounds they see, not once have I heard one of them whimper or say that he was afraid to go up into the lines. It is most remarkable, but every man thinks it is going to be the other fellow who will get hit—I am sure that is the psychology of it.

Most of the men were pretty badly wounded, the majority having multiple wounds made by exploding hand grenades—the sweet little, ball-sized explosive affairs that are tossed from one trench to the other. They are of considerable service in rendering the con-

tents of dugouts (human and otherwise) innocuous to raiding parties.

We were all amused yesterday—a colonel was sent to inspect the hospital and he called a meeting of the staff. My new suit had just come, so I dolled up as did everybody else—full dress. Then the colonel, a medical man, told us that General Pershing had been inspecting several base hospitals, and was mad as hops over their dirty, unmilitary character, and so the colonel proceeded to put us wise as to the General's demands. Real military stuff, dressed up fit to kill all the time, every officer saluting every other one all day long, and, "for God's sake, get-your-heels-together-when-you-salute; snappy stuff; real foreign." I couldn't help giving an inward smile, one must be most serious outwardly. The old colonel was very nice. He told us we were quite snappy and our hospital nice and clean. The fact is, he was right pleased and, as he said himself, it's a bit hard for plain docs to come in to the service out of civil life, be camouflaged into soldiers and get snappy over night—but, green as grass when they first came over, our men are now good orderlies, skilled operating-room orderlies, high-class men at handling incoming sick and wounded, good firemen, splendid clerks, telephone operators, plumbers, carpenters. The officers are all good physicians and surgeons. If they take a poor man's advice they will be content with this, for there will come a time not far distant when many men will feel like getting on their knees in thanks that these men are so well trained for their work.

An order has come for all officers and men who have served in the advanced army zone for six months to

wear a gold service stripe on the left fore-arm sleeve of his coat. We all get ours, of course, since we are way up in the zone. For each six months one gets an additional stripe, and for each wound a stripe on the right arm. This is all in conformity with the other army customs. It will serve to distinguish those who have served over-seas.

We have been more busy for the last day or two. Our long-expected convoy of wounded men came in the other night—a trainload of two hundred and six, seventy of whom were surgical, the rest being medical and for the most part not very ill. It wasn't as beautiful and inspiring a sight as that first midnight convoy—oh! that bitter cold night I wrote you of sometime ago—because the little Fords just loaded up as fast as they could at the station, and beat it up here in twos and threes. The train was said to be a marvel of beauty, compactness, newness and adaptability, a new hospital train especially constructed for us in England, and probably used the other night for the first time.

It was in many ways a much sadder sight than the first, for the surgical cases were battle-wounded, and it brought a lump into a fellow's throat to see all the stretchers lined up, side by side, on the floor of the admitting office, and the thin, pale faces of the men, many of whom to a surgeon's eye had suffered greatly in the handling necessary to transport them from train to ambulance, and ambulance to admitting office, from which place they were to be distributed to the various wards. One poor fellow who had lost his nerve, not unnaturally, cried out in terror and pain as the orderly started to lift his stretcher from the ambulance, and I

was able to reassure him a bit and see that things were done as smoothly as possible.

Most of the wounds were from hand grenades and were therefore multiple, but many were rifle made. Of the total convoy, only one amputation was immediately necessary, a leg amputation for gas bacillus infection, the first one we have had to do for that infection—which is most dangerous.

"What would the people at home say if they could see this," I was saying to Jock. "'I'm really glad it has been a gradual thing even for us, they are so ghastly." Three, five, even ten or more wounds, big gaping things, the muscle and other tissue all exposed and bulging out, deep things—some involving the bones—others the joints, others only the soft parts. One's fist can go into some of them. Usually both legs are involved, sometimes the arms, too, and the face, but in this crowd there were no abdominal or chest wounds. The buttocks is an especially distressing place. Under these circumstances dressings are prolonged, difficult and painful. One of my poor fellows was throwing grenades at the Boches, when one went off in his own hands, blowing off both of them at the wrists and smashing both legs, to say nothing of knocking out his front teeth. And still he lives. We have others who are almost as bad.

These things are bad—that I know, and they are hard to look at for anyone but surgeons (and hard enough for them), but the further I go in it all, the more am I impressed with the fearful mental shock to the more severely injured. They suffer pain practically only during dressings; it is most astonishing, and a continual source of surprise, to see how rapidly they

"come back" and begin to eat and take notice—but many of them have the most awful time getting sleep, that most essential of essentials for surgical recovery. They toss and squirm and sigh, and toss some more, and even when asleep cry out in the most terrible nightmares. Last night the poor fellow minus both hands was particularly bad; he continually shouted, "The lieutenant is killed but we can hold them boys, we can hold them, anyhow." "Ah me," I just say that over and over again. I often think, after all, we surgeons bear the brunt of it all. These boys I tell of are not the nervous, high-strung class, they are rough country lads for the most part, but when they get riddled, their nervous system loses its equilibrium.

And, of course, most of these men have big fragments of metal still in them. As rapidly as possible all are being fluoroscoped and the fragments removed. All day yesterday, from nine to four, I operated. From one man's jaw and neck I took a shell fragment, a sort of irregular piece almost two inches across, and a half-inch thick, the biggest thing any of us has seen. Why it didn't kill him is past understanding. I wanted to keep it as a paper weight but the man wanted it himself, and naturally his claim had priority. But it went the rounds of the hospital. And so it went most of the day, and will continue until we finish.

And so the Americans came to the aid of the French and the British in their terrible struggle against the ravaging Hun!

And once upon a time (I was thinking of my baby), it was a Sunday evening, a rainy Sunday, and Dad was way far away from his little children—and he was very sad—so sad that he didn't know what to do. So he

took his old mandolin, and got another doctor surgeon who plays the guitar, and together they went and serenaded first the eight sick nurses. Oh! and some of them were sad, too, because they were in bed, and their beds were in a rude, plain, wooden building like the soldiers', and it was almost dark in their barracks, only one little light near the stove. So Dad and Doctor W. just softly opened the door and stole inside, and then played, very, very softly. At first the nurses clapped their hands for joy, and then they just lay there and listened—only every once in a while they couldn't restrain themselves and just clapped and clapped. So old Dad and Doctor W. they played nearly a half hour, and then as they softly continued to play, they opened the door, and stole out into the utter dark of the main corridor of the big war hospital. And then, you know, old Dad wasn't so sad any more. He could hear the sick nurses applauding and applauding, and knew he had made them feel better—because, you know, it was Sunday evening—and everybody feels bad then, especially men who are way, far away from their little children. So after that, he and Doctor W. went from one ward to the other, and played and played, always very softly. They didn't always play songs and fine pieces—lots of times they played ragtime, real ragtime, but always softly. But no matter what they played, the wounded men just could not get enough of it—they were so happy. And it was so funny—in one dimly-lighted ward to see one poor fellow just jumping up and down, to the time of a good, swinging tune—of course, he wasn't very sick, otherwise he couldn't have done that. And then, in another ward, we were just twanging along, playing first one tune and then another, till we

came to that one called " My Little Gypsy Sweetheart " —when out of the quiet there came a sweet, rather weak, tenor voice which sang it, as we played, all the way through. There wasn't another single bit of light in the barracks but one dim oil-lamp, which was sitting on the floor, and all one could distinguish were the outlines of the white beds, an occasional edge of white sheeting, and the various bottles of antiseptic fluid used for irrigating wounds, which are attached by an upright to the ends of those beds harboring wounded men. And there was one attached to the bed of the man singing. No one joined in, no one uttered a sound—he sang, at first timorously, but louder as he gained confidence, and as his notes became clearer, old Dad and Doctor W. played even more softly than before—just accompanying him. And maybe he was singing to his sweetheart, and if he was, old Dad's sure she heard him. And Dad thinks there were lumps in many throats as they listened to that boy trooper sing—for several nurses and doctors who were there gave curious, uncomfortable, little coughs and turned to go—but didn't. But the other troopers, they just lay there at the end of the song for a moment in silence, and then they just howled and clapped for joy! But it was getting a bit late then, and they had to get their needed rest, so old Dad and Doctor W. started to play that beautiful old lullaby " Go to Sleep, My Little Pickaninny," and while still playing it, softly tip-toed out of the ward, as they had emerged from every other ward. And then old Dad, he felt a heap better, so he went back to the little room he lives in and went to bed, and dreamed sweet dreams of his babies.

And the next morning when old Dad went round

doing his work as a surgeon, everywhere he was greeted with smiles and smiles, and all the men and all the nurses, and even the sick officers, wanted to know when he and Dr. W. are coming to play for them again. At first Dad and Dr. W. were afraid they might have made some of the men feel worse, and maybe have interrupted their sleep, because every bed of every ward they went to was occupied and some of the men were desperately wounded. But it really made them all better, and that pleased old Dad and Dr. W. and they just smile and don't say when they are going to play again, but most likely it will be next Sunday night, and maybe every Sunday night after that, because you know that's the night most especially when those away from home feel most badly.

March, 1918.

There will be no early peace. It is unthinkable. There will be, however, a world battle one day in France. It must come to that, but when—nobody knows. I feel that it will not come before next year, when the Americans will give to the Allies the balance of power. Then there will be a battle with all nations participating here in France, along the whole line from the English Channel to Switzerland, and it will sway back and forth, and last for days and days. And artillery will be banked on every side, while huge bombing planes will fly low over advancing infantry, and range-finding ones will fly high in the air to direct the artillery. Thus will the Allies lock arms with the Huns, and hundreds of thousands of men will go to their Maker during those days, and skilled surgeons will work as they never worked before to keep other thou-

sands from going. Then there will come a lull and a prolonged silence, and then there will be no more Hohenzollerns or Hapsburgs for the German people, and the Austrian people will see the light and on their knees will they beg for mercy, which, undeserving though they be, they will receive. This is my vision of the future. It must sound theatrical to you, and even to me it seems a morbid raving, but I believe it will come true.

To-day I saw truck-load after truck-load of equipment and all kinds of supplies rumbling along, helmeted young Americans perched on top, grinning and saluting as they pass—another division going. And those boys do give a good account of themselves.

The other night, not so very far from here, four young men got out of their trenches and went prowling about in No-Man's Land looking for trouble. They found it in the shape of ten Huns, three of whom they promptly killed, three took prisoner (one being the officer in charge), while the other four ran back to Hun-land, and none of our four got a scratch. There have been other times when they did get scratched, though each time they gave a good account of themselves. We are evacuating all movable patients from our hospital this week by train. You may imagine why.

Last night as I went to my quarters, I chanced to look up at the blue, starry, moon-lighted heaven—truly a fine bombing night, as the British would say—and it all looked so cool and peaceful that for the thousandth time I asked myself why and wherefore, and for the thousandth time was unable to answer my own ques-

tion. To think that this same heaven is spread above you and my little children, all comfortable and safe I hope, and not more than thirty miles away men by hundreds and thousands are trying to kill each other, and succeeding, urged and aided by their own states which lay so much stress on law and order, each within its own bounds! Some great purpose is surely being served, but my small brain finds itself overwhelmed by any attempt to fathom it all. And so I am writing—you know what it is to be lonely.

Yesterday, for the second time this week, we received a trainload of patients from the front, five hundred in all, or more. The first two hundred and fifty were wounded, but most of them had been operated on and were convalescing. Those yesterday were all gassed cases, the first we have had, and a sad sight they were. In the front line trenches, just two or three days ago, the poor fellows got a dose of the famous mustard gas of the Huns. This beastly gas comes over in shells which explode and liberate it. It is not so terribly fatal and, curiously enough, its action is rather delayed, some of the worst manifestations arising twelve to twenty-four hours after the attack. The men were in it for hours. They had on their gas-masks, thus saving them from inhaling great quantities of it, but it penetrates the mask to a degree or seems to get in around the edges. But worse than that, it soaks into the men's clothes and burns the skin just like a mustard plaster—wherever there is the slightest moisture, the gas mixing with the sweat to form a terribly irritating compound. So that the arm-pits and crotch are points of election, also the forehead, and wherever

it touches the respiratory surfaces an intense congestion results, while the conjunctiva of the eyes are horribly inflamed, giving an intense pain, a tremendous outpouring of tears and inability to stand light with consequent blindness. This latter feature is not permanent, being due rather to mechanical inability to open the eyes and face the light, than to a true impairment of vision.

But such spitting and spewing as those fellows carried on, and coughing and vomiting! Eyes tightly closed, lids squeezed shut, tears running down reddened and blistered cheeks, into the mouth and around blisters on the lips. Many of them groped their way in their gas-darkness in broad daylight, until our men took hold of their hands, and gently led them to seats in the admitting office. Only a small percentage, those who had inhaled deeply and had gotten the treacherous bronchitis and threatened pneumonia, were stretcher cases. Most were walkers, as they are called, but they walked with difficulty and in pain because of their burns. As soon as they were relieved from the trenches all their clothes had been removed and nondescript French uniforms had been furnished, in which they were brought to us. These were removed and there, with blankets around their shoulders, those men sat coughing, spitting, unmoving, helpless, some few humming half-heartedly, all that could possibly hold them smoking cigarettes (smoking is bad for them but we didn't dare refuse to allow it).

They hadn't had anything to eat for two days, because the gas got into their stores, and consequently they were famished. Thick soup and bread were served, and you should have seen them go for it, though

the blind ones had a hard time—many of them upsetting their cups in their eagerness to get the contents. I was especially sorry for one poor young chap whose tears were dropping into his soup as fast as the bread he was breaking into it. The whole thing finally upset, but was righted before too much had been lost. Our men helped as much as possible, but there were so many.

To make matters worse, it was found that almost all were infected with the ubiquitous louse, so before going to the wards each one had to be clipped and shaved of all his hair, for otherwise the hospital would literally be carried away. They arrived here with little bits of gauze tied over their eyes to ward off the sun's rays, but, once in the comfortable ward, regular eye shades of gauze and heavy paper were applied, and lotions of sodium bicarbonate, though it must be confessed that therapy fails to relieve the pain and discomfort, and morphia dare not be given because the circulatory system is embarrassed in all cases of inhalation, and anodynes only increase its burden. So the wards of eye-shaded, red-faced, coughing, sheared, uncomplaining soldiers are queer sights, to say the least, and sad ones. Several of them are quite ill, but there have been no deaths so far.

And this is the Hun method of making war! He uses this mustard gas in preference to the more deadly gases, because it puts out of commission so many men in such a short time, and for quite a period—not a bad idea, by the way. Personally, though, I rather prefer the new Allied gas—it puts out of commission just as many men as the mustard stuff, and in even a shorter time—only the period they are out is rather longer, in

fact they never come back! Perhaps I had better not tell its nature.

It seems that the Hun has at last started his long-expected offensive. We know but little of it yet, but are confident he will be stopped short.

You are my dependable one. Yesterday came another *New York Times* and the book you sent was one of your own Christmas gifts, for it still had the card in it. It looks so interesting. I get so much comfort out of the reading matter you send, possibly because I know you have been through it all before me. "Westways" was delightful—Weir Mitchell was always one of my favorites. Yesterday, too, a package of crackers and tinned stuff and a pound of granulated sugar came. We have everything in abundance, except George Washington coffee. All the armies are well fed—sugar, butter, milk, chocolate—everything. It is those who remain behind who sacrifice. I do hope they are not drawing it too fine on you.

And so we have had papers and packages, but never a letter for three weeks. We could well do without the packages for the letters, which would take up so much less room. Every one is disgruntled.

No doubt you are worried these days, these fateful days. I wish I could let you know that I am far from the battle-line, in ease and comfort—far more than I wish, for I would like in some way to be bearing my share of the shock of these frightful days. It may be, though, that the battle-line will swing down this way, in which case it will be our turn to work and help withstand the awful pressure. We follow the struggle as best we can from day-old newspapers and rumors.

You at home have your news much earlier than we do ours. Every one, of course, is anxious. It looks as if the supreme hour has struck, but one and all we have the utmost confidence in the ability of the British and French to stop the Hun and roll him back. Our deep regret is that we Americans are not in position to render more substantial aid. If we had but a million trained men over here!

Our hospital is filled to the brim, mostly with convalescing patients. The gassed ones are recovering for the most part and we would like to evacuate them, but are unable to get a train owing to the exigencies of the present situation. I am hoping that some way will soon be found to get rid of them, because the beds will probably be required at any minute for seriously wounded.

We are all excited over the big battle. Any day now may find our front involved. It looks as if this is the final show-down between the Germans and the British. I have a calm confidence in those Britons, aided by the French and, I am glad to say, certain Americans. We have known for weeks that this drive was to take place and that it was to occur exactly when it did and where—so much for the secrecy of war. That ground was to be lost, and men and men, and more men, was a foregone conclusion. Long before this letter reaches you, I feel sure that the Huns will rue the day they started this, probably the last offensive of the war. For every one feels that this is the end—there may be other battles, and months of trench stuff and raids for even a year or more—but this we feel is the end for all practical purposes. I am sure you are

very much worried, but it is impossible to get word to you that I am not in it as yet, though we are evacuating now in case of need.

At a little nearby town I got several embroidered collars to-day. I really went to get Minda a bit of a birthday gift, but met two of the nurses in the shop (which is famous for its finery) and they helped me select several more. I thought you might like them. And I have in my trunk a beautiful piece of glassware, the oddest thing I ever saw, which I just chanced to pick up. It was made at a town not far from here which was famous until the Huns blew it to smithereens. I intended sending it to you by one of the home-going nurses, but they got away a day ahead of scheduled time, so I missed out.

This morning at eight o'clock three of us took a ride to a place just back of the front. We had lunch in the beautiful town I wrote you of sometime ago. It has been sadly bombed since my last visit, and of late all civilians have been ordered out, so that where only a short time ago it was a thriving, beautiful, live, town of thirty to forty thousand people, with shops well filled, and street cars going, and hotels open, it is now like a city of the dead. A few people are seen on the streets, a very few women and, strange to relate, an occasional child. One or two street cars are still running and a few of the shops are open, but no one is in them but their own few frozen clerks, all of whom are cripples, or men either over or under the military age. We saw a single customer in a big department store, where they were very busy making uniforms for British and American officers. The hotels are

closed, the beautiful villas deserted, shutters everywhere are up, uniformed men of every nationality are seen, though not in great numbers. There is little noise. It is as if a plague had wreaked its vengeance on a wicked community.

But the French are really a great nation. Even as things are in that town, with bombing parties likely to start at any moment, and easily within range of the ordinary heavy artillery, we were able to get a splendid luncheon at the famous Stanislaus restaurant. Delicious *hors d'ouvres, filet de sole, omelette,* lamb chops *pommes frits, et deux bouttailles des vin* (there were four of us) *et café noir.* But it was *pas du sucre et pas du beurre.* You can't get a pinch of butter or grain of sugar in any restaurant or hotel. We have lots of both, of course, being soldiers, and carry it with us, but forgot it to-day. But that town will never be captured by the Huns—they tried it once early in the war. These people just can't be downed—one must admire them.

From there we went to another town, and from there to the American Casualty Clearing Station just back of our lines. This is nothing more than a large hospital closer up than ours, made up of a sort of evacuation hospital, with its staff supplemented by teams of operators sent up from other bases. One of our men is there now—I may go later. It is a nice hospital of stone barracks, not more than four or five miles back of the lines, and the guns are going most of the time, and every little while the Huns' and Allies' aeroplanes have a brush which affords amusement and excitement to patients and staff. It stands out in a field all by itself, no troops are near, its Red Crosses are

very visible, but it has been there two or three years unmolested. It was formerly used by the French. They have had some fairly busy times—but are running quietly now. The big show is going on further North.

On trips like these one takes along his tin hat and gas mask to be used in case of need, this per order. I tell you this so that you will not conjure up things. Except for troops, artillery shifting and gun-fire, one would hardly know anything was going on—and troops, artillery, and shifting are so common around here that they are normal.

April, 1918.

Now, of course, I don't own this war. I didn't get it up and I'm not running it. If I was, it would be run a heap better than it's going at present, but it does seem queer for me to be sitting here in my own little room, beside my nice, warm fire, drinking a bit of beef-tea (the cubes for which my mother sent me to keep up my strength) and writing you a letter—when the most shocking battle of this whole disastrous war is in progress scarcely a hundred miles away. I not only am not in it—as yet we cannot even hear the guns—but know far less of what is going on than you do, so much further away. I say, it does seem queer. And still they must keep men where we are.

It has been surmised for weeks that the present Hun push would be aimed at the points that are now in struggle. Things pointed to our part of the line as the objective for quite a while, but I never felt that they would attack there for various reasons, that had better not be written. But I did hope it would be true,

not only because I would not have minded seeing a bit of a show, but because the Hun would have gotten a worse drubbing than he is getting right now. He is giving the British hell, no question of that, but he's getting blue hell himself, and from what we hear a bit of brimstone is about to be added. We all have a calm confidence the Hun will not break through, now or at any other time, and we all feel that this is the last real battle of the war, the final show-down between the Huns and the British, the ultimate enemies. The British will come out on top, that goes without saying.

Sometimes, you know, I just sit and think about things, the human make-up, mind, war. And there are many things clear to me now that never were before. One profound truth is that this had better be the last war—for the simple reason that science has progressed to such a degree, as to change the whole aspect of the business known as war—to make it so deadly as to wipe out in its entirety the whole human race. In short, the fearfully deadly gases are coming into vogue so rapidly, that an entirely different medical program will have to be developed if the end does not soon come. We have now in this hospital eight hundred patients, all Americans, but the surgical side is quite dull. The last few hundred to come in had been gassed with mustard gas, and their treatment for the most part devolved upon the physicians. It is not at all improbable that the dire need for well-trained surgeons will gradually give place to a hue and cry for physicians, especially trained in gas therapy. In order to wound or kill a man by gun-fire he must be hit—actually hit with a shell fragment, all of which requires accuracy of aim and lots of shells. With gas it is different, since

it is now customary to send it over in shells which explode and scatter their liquid or powdered contents everywhere, especially on the ground, which then for hours and even days gives off the fumes which are so deadly.

To-morrow is Easter Sunday. We are all going to put on our finest. It is raining now and will rain to-morrow, but the only parading we will do will be to the station, where we are going to load up a train with several hundred near-well patients to make room for others who are expected from the front. Our army now has several hospital trains of its own, made in England, beautifully equipped, constructed and finished, all vestibuled and opening on both sides of the middle of each car, easy to load and unload. Each train has its own permanent staff, operating and dressing rooms, kitchens and officers' quarters, and a special car for wounded officers—fifteen cars in all. Some show to see them *déboucher*.

One of the fellows has the book you mention, "Under Fire." All of us did read a good deal of war stuff, but for the most part it is all a rehash now, and we regale ourselves with good trash, chiefly detective stories. I am reading a series now.

I know so much about life and human problems now, more than I thought I ever could. To get the proper atmosphere, to see things in their naked outline, one must live this life day in and day out, with its dulness, anxieties, its waiting, its feverish activity, its utter loneliness, the sense of helplessness in the face of overwhelming odds, the sadness and at times the keen pleasure of it all. In some of my worst hours I was outwardly the gayest, and sometimes I got a great deal

of comfort helping others whose misery was most obvious.

Just one year ago to-day our dear country declared war against Germany. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was standing before the *Sun* bulletin board when the final verdict of Congress was flashed over the wires and a tremendous shout went up. I remember you had little to say, knowing better than I what was to come, realizing perhaps the changes and tragedies and suffering that were about to descend on all of us.

We must not look forward to my getting a furlough, since they are not being allowed.

P. S.—You may cut off Pete's curls.

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